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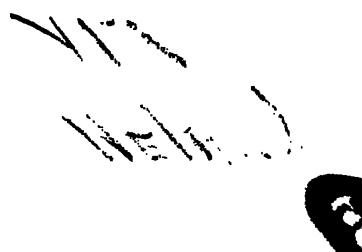
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THE CRIMSON FIST

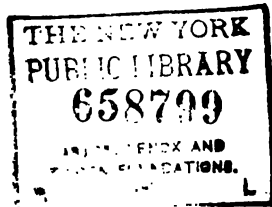
BY

O. H. NELAND



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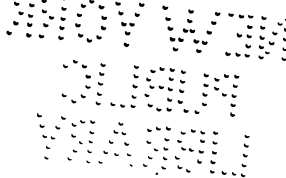


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THE CRIMSON FIST

ing a sword with one hand and a severed head with the other. This, according to Mademoiselle, represented "a Greek hero, who cut off the head of a witch." Mademoiselle explained to me that the statue had not always been green, but that it had turned to green from brown through being left out-doors for several centuries. We passed this spot many a time, so that I gradually accumulated varied information from Mademoiselle about the Greek hero. His name was Perseus and the witch's Medusa; he was a warrior; he was a brave warrior; he was strong; he was a strong hero; he was a brave hero; he had a sword; his sword was very sharp; he was not afraid; he was not afraid of anything, not even of a bad witch; had he been afraid he would not have killed the witch, but would have run away from her; then she would have run after him, and would have killed him; but Perseus was a hero; so Perseus was not afraid but brave; that was why he attacked the bad witch with his sharp sword; as he was not only brave but strong he cut the witch's head off.

The Greeks, I learnt from Mademoiselle—herself was a timid, blinking little thing, always a-flutter and a-gasp—were a nation of warriors and heroes. They were the bravest and strongest men of ancient times, and they could fight better than anyone. They were never afraid of their enemies, however powerful the enemies might be, and once upon a time three hundred Greeks held a pass in the mountains against thousands and thousands of Persians, and another time a small Greek army marched into Persia, defeated the Persian host, and took the whole of Persia. Still another time the Greeks went to Asia in ships, when they besieged the fortress of Troy for ten years before

they took it. The way in which they at last did take it was by a clever trick. They pretended that they had decided to leave off fighting and to be friends with the Trojans, and in order to prove their friendship they made the Trojans a present of a large wooden horse; but the horse was hollow, and had a small door in its stomach which no one could see, and as soon as the horse was inside the town suddenly its stomach opened, and a lot of brave Greek warriors jumped out on to the ground, attacked their enemies, and destroyed them all, and then destroyed the town too. After that the Greek heroes who were still alive sailed back to Greece in their ships, which had been waiting for them near the shore all that time. Many years later a blind Greek poet called Homer, who perhaps never really existed, wrote a book of verses which told of the siege of Troy and how it was conquered through the bravery and cleverness of the Greek heroes. But the Greeks were just as brave on the water. They could fight just as well in ships. And so they did when they defeated the Persian fleet after being told by the Oracle—which was a voice one could hear but not see—to fight behind wooden walls. Of course it was very clever to guess that wooden walls meant walls of ships, and it was very difficult to defeat the enemy although the fighting was done in a narrow little place called a strait, where there was not even room for all of the enemy's ships. But then the Greeks were heroes, and they were the best fighters of antiquity!

Yes, by degrees I gathered all of this from the instructions of my small governess, including the proper way to pronounce "antiquity" as well as the names of Ulysses and Achilles, of Leonidas and Themistocles. In Mademoi-

selle's opinion—to me then infallible—another nation, of modern times, vied with the Greeks in valour, the heroism of Hellas being equalled by Helvetia's. Above all it was William Tell whom she extolled, not only for his skill with the crossbow but for his nobility of soul, whose divinely inspired promptings filled him with a holy ardour to free his country from oppression. From her I got acquaintance with the familiar legends about the Swiss national hero: how for refusing to salute a hat—hung on a high pole—belonging to the haughty Austrian governor Gessler, Tell was ordered to shoot an apple from the head of his beloved little son; how after accomplishing this marvellous feat he boldly confessed that had he missed the apple he would have aimed a second arrow at the governor; how Tell was therefore seized and bound; how he escaped by a tremendous leap upon a flat rock from Gessler's boat, which he alone was strong enough to steer through the tempest; and how at last he lay in wait for the Austrian oppressor, and from his place of hiding sent a trusty bolt into the tyrant's dark heart.

Her nation, my tiny Mademoiselle proudly used to inform me, had always been "a very patriotic nation," and she would assert that "every Swiss knows how to be a soldier," or that "every Swiss knows how to fight for his country"—by which she no doubt meant the compulsory training in the use of arms under the Swiss militia system. Such "splendid soldiers" were the Swiss that in earlier days a foreign king often asked them "to fight on his side against his enemy," paying them in gold coins for their help. But whether as mercenaries or not, the warriors of Helvetia, either through their dauntless courage, incom-

parable sagacity, or both qualities allied, were almost invariably victorious; they never lost a battle unless wretchedly generalled or enormously outnumbered. And as an example of Helvetian valour and shrewdness the little lady would recount the exploit of Arnold Winkelried at Sempach, when at the cost of his life he made a breach in the Austrian phalanx by seizing several of the hostile lances between his arms, or she would narrate the story of Morgarten, where the martial mountaineers rolled down great boulders upon the Austrians, and after thus breaking up their columns rushed in among them with steel-pointed pikes. As at Sempach so at Morgarten—at a later time I discovered these to be the names of the two engagements—those of the enemy who were not killed or wounded “fled from the field,” leaving the countrymen of Mademoiselle in triumphant possession. No less pious than intrepid the conquerors on both occasions offered up thanks to God “for giving them the victory over the wicked foeman.” The diminutive widow’s seeming hostility to the “tyrannical house of Hapsburg”—itself of Swiss origin—was however easily overcome, and her heart entirely vanquished, by the gallantry of a handsomely moustachioed Austrian captain on leave from his garrison at Lemberg; a brief campaign sufficed to make the irreconcilable surrender to the irresistible. Only this courtship did not happen until after our household had removed to Germany, whither Mademoiselle accompanied us. I shed an ocean of tears when the good creature, whom I loved for her simple affection toward me, told me she was going away; I also petitioned my parents to ask the captain to live with us.

Since the guileless days of gullible childhood I have partly recovered from Mademoiselle's influence. I still believe the washerwoman's excuses for yellow stains on my shirt fronts, and the cobbler's for nails that tear my socks. But I no longer credit that story of the nautical athlete, for I have inspected the Tell Platform near Lucerne, and am sure that even a Swiss hero's legs are not long enough for such a jump. Neither has that dramatic performance of pomological marksmanship any quality of astonishment for me, because on a French stage I have seen an ex-military man shoot away small objects from his wife's shoulders, arms, waist, and hair, and because in an American arena I have seen a cowboy fire from a cantering horse with a repeating rifle at glass balls thrown up in front of him, and not miss one. As for the unflinching deliverance of one's country by the expedition of a projectile from a concealed spot in a rocky region strange to the foe and well-known to one self—transfer the deed from the 14th century to the present, substitute an open square in Warsaw for a narrow defile near Küssnacht, imagine a Russian official killed in public by a Pole who knew he could not escape, and then Mademoiselle (and you) would probably call the affair an "anarchistic assassination." In Russia people would be almost as sure thus to designate the act as in Poland they would be likely to baptize it a "patriotic sacrifice."

These terms I do not recollect hearing from the tremulous little Swiss widow; and if I am now, after so many years, able to marshal up some of her fluttering inculcations, that may be through her re-enforcement of them by readings from two books, with the titles "Heroes of

Old" and "Great Deeds for Little Folk," both worded in simple language and each provided with a few coloured prints. The Trojan horse was depicted in one of the books, that equine *bon-bon* of bellicosity having short yellow curls and a fat red body (large enough to contain an army of six or seven clever heroes). Another of these chromolithographic manufactures represented a file of men in full armour, visor down and sword in hand, climbing up a ladder set against a wall. Over the edge of the wall were leaning a row of men in turbans and loose vestments, some flourishing scimitars at the ascending warriors and others shooting arrows at them from small bows. The leader of the file was on the top rung, and his weapon was piercing an enemy whose arms were thrown out sideways. In this conflict it was not the Greeks about to drub the Persians, or the Switzers going to do for the Austrians, and the warriors mounting the ladder were not led by Alexander the Great or Arnold Winkelried, but the "Crusaders" under Godfrey of Bouillon were in the act of taking Jerusalem from the "infidels" (who—in the picture at least—had but to upset the ladder). The "brave Knights of the Cross," one was instructed, wanted to "drive away the wicked pagans from the Holy Sepulchre," from which they, the "false and cruel" ones, tried to keep the "true believers."

Among titles of books for puerile enlightenment or recreation which I never myself possessed, but which I know to exist, having held them in my hand or having preserved catalogues advertising them, I can mention "Ballads of the Brave," "The Boys' Froissart," "Deeds of the Cid," "Fighting Admirals," and "Famous Battles of the

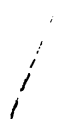
19th Century." The two last-named are thus recommended in the two respective catalogues: "There could be no better Christmas present for a boy;" "It ought to prove welcome to any boy who likes true stories of good fighting." I have now only three volumes—long in rags—dating from my boyhood: one is a Latin grammar, the second a class-room edition of Corneille's drama "The Cid," and the third a simplified version of the romance "Ivanhoe," by the English novelist and poet Sir Walter Scott. In my youth I also owned—like many another boy of my acquaintance—"The Last of the Mohicans," "The Three Musketeers," and "Don Quixote." But how should a boy understand the intention of the Spanish tale to satirize the martial chivalry of the Middle Ages? His amusement is over the gawky old guy who always gets the worst of it. Don Quixote is neither strong nor brave, nor a hero, nor a good fighter. Why, he cannot fight at all! The old stupid!

You perhaps were given the same books to read as I was—yes, my friend, your very self: Juan or John or Giovanni or Ivan, or whatever your name may chance to be. For I have no great reason to believe that you were brought up on ideas essentially different from those that formed the basis of my own upraising; indeed if you had been I could not make my communications intelligible to you. Did we not, you and I, both have it enjoined upon us: that in our own home we must respect our parents and elders, that we must follow their example since everything they did was right and laudable; that we must obey them because everything they said was true and wise? They always knew best, and all their advice was for our good.

They themselves were good though they knew the consequence of doing what was bad. Therefore, as they were so good and so experienced, they could not possibly encourage us in any evil ways. We were watched and guarded at home with the greatest care in order that no harm might come to us, bodily or moral. Food, clothes, bedding, and all else was attended to with extreme prudence and foresight. Most important was what we ate and drank: it must all be quite pure and free from danger to our health. Yes, about our nourishment—yours and mine—they were remarkably solicitous at home. They were so anxious, so afraid. Children became ill so easily. The slightest thing upset them. Cases of poisoning had been heard of. One never knew, one could not tell. Even playthings were not invariably safe. When seeming quite innocent they might be actually the reverse. They were given with the best of intentions, on birthdays or at Christmas, to instruct or to amuse. Nevertheless a sharply pointed tin sword, for instance, or a little pistol with exploding caps—might not either engender mischief? Painted soldiers of wood or metal, or a leaden trumpet—were these sure to be free from noxious effects? Toy guns, cannons, bows and arrows—did none harbour menace of any sort? To pictures there could be no objection if they were approved at home. A book from a person old enough to choose properly was of course an admirable gift. For while appearing to provide distraction it might in reality convey something more serious, might pleasantly disguise some precept definite enough to be remembered, to answer as a kind of model, to give a certain turn to the character, and thus to bring a lifelong result. A great deal may de-

pend on what a boy finds in a book. Yes, there is nothing like a well selected book.

I have indicated the sort of literature which served for my own mental provender, and doubt not that you—perhaps baptized Johan or Jean, Jan or Johann—at one time or another were the recipient of equivalent fare under judicious catering by home authority. Perhaps you had no Swiss governess, or did not live with father and mother, and in that case there may have been relatives or guardians, tutors or nurses, who gave the right direction to your childish thoughts, and to whom you still feel grateful for having done so. In that respect I was remarkably well off, thanks to Mademoiselle in large degree. But my parents by no means neglected their share. They did their best for my spiritual well-being because they wanted me to grow up not only a worthy man but a good Christian. After they adopted an orphaned nephew my mother used to narrate us tales from the Holy Bible about the lives of saintly personages: about King David, who even when a boy killed Goliath, later on destroying many enemies of the Lord; and about the mighty and fearless Samson, the slayer of unnumbered Philistines; and also about Saul, who likewise made war upon ungodly tribes, wiping their cities from off the surface of the earth. And I recall how my father, one summer holiday in Bohemia, of warm afternoons, under a shady arbour, read us out aloud the English romance called “Ivanhoe;” he would stop now and then, I remember, to explain such a term as “drawbridge” or “portcullis.” Which reminds me too that not long ago, conversing with an acquaintance who has a son, I asked him if he still found pleasure in the novels of the elder Dumas. He



replied with a broad smile: "Of course I do! I revelled in them when I was a boy, and now I give them to my own boy to read, and he enjoys them as much as I did"—a laugh accompanying the final words.

Ah, yes, the education of children is full of humour, of amusing episodes; they do and say such funny things. At the date of those lectures from "Ivanhoe," for instance, my little cousin Franz and I used to get up out of bed early on purpose to "play tournament," as we called it, before dressing. In our nightgowns, with towels tied round the waist to make Templars' frocks, we belaboured one another with our pillows—battleaxes. Of these "tournaments" I have but vague reminiscence, but at a later time my mother told me how they came to her knowledge. One morning she heard a loud crash, which was followed by a dead silence. When she entered the room the two "champions" were lying in bed as still as mice, but were betrayed by a broken water-jug on the floor, in midst a large pool. Being the elder I was called to account, and I confessed that the fault was mine as I had—so my mother quoted me—"upset the jug because I was retreating backward and couldn't see it." Another sport we invented, or rather I invented, as Francesco was too young (I called him variously Francesco, Franz, or Frank) was "playing Bible." This consisted in duels between the big and wicked Goliath and the small but brave and skilful David, Francesco and I taking the two parts in turn. Whoever impersonated the lubberly colossus from Gath mounted on a chair or sofa in order to look ten feet high, the representative of the circumcized dilettante militiaman crouching on the ground to simulate uttermost minuteness. Goliath

(familiar with mediæval romance) shouted "Thou diest, dog of an infidel!" Whereupon the likewise anachronistic David laconically exclaimed "Bang!" The defunct swashbuckler monstrosity tumbled down on to the floor. And then the agricultural amateur artillerist pulled an ivory paper-knife from his belt, and sawed off his cousin's head.

Sensible parents will take no risk of letting their boys grow up into milksops. Few elders indeed but encourage youthful male charges in the development of *manly* qualities; so that when, instructed by verbal narration, informed by the printed page, or taken part with under personal guidance, the youngsters imitate brigands, soldiers, pirates, mariners, savages, heroes, etc., and engage in invasion, buccaneering, sieges, burglary, battles, murder, and so forth, they unwittingly profit. The simplest accessories suffice: an old box is a ship, sand or snow will build a citadel, any sort of stick does for a spear, sword or gun, a tin pan makes a drum as well as a shield, common gloves take the place of gauntlets, coal rubbed on the face may denote either a bandit's mask or a knight's visor, or else the natural colour of an Indian or an infidel. For the more sedately disposed there are free libraries—now almost universal—where volumes can be borrowed that describe all conceivable varieties of bodily encounter. Thus the poorest need not forego, have indeed no pretext to omit, the guidance of their boys' minds into healthy ways of thought. Even in his play, my good friend, with the advantage of your direction your little son or grandson or nephew can acquire a foundation of the manliest qualities. Is it not a kind of duty owing to humanity that every

parent and elder strive to elevate the character of youth? Is it not at the same time a noble responsibility? And has anybody the right to reject it? Oh, no! Let us not reject but rejoice! Let us be glad in our hearts that we have proper knowledge of what is right and good, handed down to us by the infinite wisdom of our own humane, sapient, godfearing progenitors. Every grown person should endeavour to implant somehow, no matter by what modest or trifling means, in all the young masculine minds he or she may come into contact with a germ of one of the great virtues: manliness, sturdiness, contempt for debility, indifference towards suffering. A healthy, normal boy ought to have vigorous and lusty sentiments. Grown up, he will then be endowed with a spirit of aggression lending him firm resolve to get what he wants regardless of opposition by weaklings. A healthy, normal boy worships plain brute force. A healthy, normal boy talks as one of eight years did in my presence a month before I began to write this book. In fact one of my incentives for inditing the present script is precisely that I have all my life through heard the same thing so often.

"Well, little man, have you decided what you are going to be?"

"Oh, I know what I'm going to be."

"Tell me what it is—the same as your father?"

"No, not the same as my father."

"Then what do you intend to become when you are a man? Every man does something."

"Yes, I know what I want to be. I want to be a soldier."

"Ah, a soldier!"

"Yes, I like that best. I like fighting—you know, the way soldiers fight. And I want to be in a big war."

"So you have chosen that, eh? Do you think you would really like that best?"

"Oh, yes, I'm sure! It's fine to be a soldier!"

And Mamma, against whose knee the little boy was leaning, patted him approvingly on his curly head, and smiled.

To this spirit are boys moulded at home in a thoroughly pleasant, enjoyable manner. I have rarely seen a home where militant injunctions were not in some way conveyed, or in some degree led up to or made inferable; and I have usually perceived this to be done with such smooth suavity, or even ingenuous playfulness, as might at once charm an infant and endear the seductive lore to its young heart. Some of the means and methods in vogue among tender parents of implanting the seeds of a cheerful eagerness to enact human execution, I have been describing. But the jovial curriculum of trucidation is very rich, and it can be supplemented by additional diversions, such as showing children portraits of relations or ancestors in uniform, allowing them to see soldiers at drill or in parades, letting them witness the launch of warships or the manoeuvring of military aeroplanes, taking them to look over navy yards, fortresses, arsenals, gun factories. Still, the parents of my acquaintance have all been miserably timid in shrinking from the encouragement of their offspring at actual practice in arms. I remember not one child who was at home taught to shoot at dummy men with loaded rifle or revolver, or to rehearse attacking them with sword or bayonet. Cavalry now becoming obsolete in warfare

except for reconnaissance, one should hardly complain of the omission of bellicose horsemanship from the educational plan. And opportunity to steer a war balloon, sight a cannon, or fire a torpedo would be so difficult to obtain that the guardians of the very young ought not to be blamed for leaving unconsidered those fine accomplishments. Yet there is no valid excuse for the universal neglect of instructing the little ones how to dig military trenches, because for this any garden or field or humblest plot of bare ground would do.

The most essential tuition of all is entirely ignored: what a scandalous disgrace that children are not from their earliest age made to relish the sight and smell of blood! Of course I mean the blood of living creatures. Domestic pets would answer the purpose well. Imagine Baby chuckling and crowing as—with your help—it tears out one of the wings of the canary! If Baby is good tomorrow Baby may tear out the other wing—provided the canary is still alive. Or conceive Baby's delight at your catching one of the goldfish, and holding the slippery body tight with one hand while with the other you guide Baby's tiny fingers to stick the scissors into the goldfish's eyes—one eye at a time. But the perfect cult of blood must be begun further back, and it is the mothers of our progressive twentieth century whom I beseech to initiate their newly born to a taste for gore: each time you suckle your babe first prick your flesh quite close to the nipple.

What—you refuse to do this simple thing? You, a mother of today, confess your inferiority to the women of antique times? You cannot level up to the primitive Spartan females of two thousand five hundred years ago?

Shame upon you, infinite contempt and shame! The women who bore sons like Leonidas—they would not have refused. And will you be abject enough to make the base confession that your son shall be less than Leonidas? You know as well as I that Leonidas was a brave and noble patriotic hero. Are you truly so weak and mean a mother that you would have your son less than Leonidas?

CHAPTER II

SCHOOL

It is a good thing to fight and kill.

A child who through some incredibly miraculous circumstances failed to gain that immemorial precept at home would be sure to have the mistake corrected during the next phase of juvenile intellectual evolution. As to the said venerable formulary one cannot leave school but well instructed and enlightened. One is there certain to learn of the glory of battle and splendour of conquest; one is taught to delight in the clash of arms, the onrushing charge, the shouts of victory; one harkens to the recounting of valiant deeds on the field of honour, where noble heroes bleed and die for their country; one sees the ignominious flight of dastard foemen, put to rout by invincible champions; and through it all resounds the blaring music of a thousand brazen trumpets, and there floats on high the peerless, sacred banner of the fatherland. At school also one cannot miss discovering how patriotism—which was perhaps not specially eulogized or even sufficiently explained at home—is identical with military and naval prowess, yes, with the very desire to achieve success in feats of arms by land or sea. Celebrated generals and admirals are by custom spoken of as *brave patriots*, or *brave and patriotic*, or *noted for bravery and patriotism*. At the same time one observes—though at first maybe but vague-

ly—that patriotism has some undissolvable affiliation with flags, with *serving under the flag*, with *conquering under the flag*, with *planting the flag abroad*. And this flag is a thing which must be *revered* and *defended*, not *insulted* or *befouled*. Moreover the flag is the symbol of national greatness, i. e. of supremacy in virtue and justice, in love of freedom, in art, in literature, and in science, in every attribute proper to civilization, but above all in the ability to fight. Patriotism, heroism, flag, war, glory—they all come to mean the same to young folk, girls as well as boys, reared in public or private educational institutions.

In every land the school-children of both sexes are incited by their teachers and provoked by their books, not to deprecation, still less to detestation, but to admiration, to acclamation, of rulers or statesmen who initiated or conducted victorious campaigns. So that the various individuals responsible for military killing, or participant therein, emperor or minister, general or captain or common soldier, in the juvenile mind establish themselves personages deserving praise, not censure—unless too recently the enemies of one's own country, when they are altogether blameable. For instance: French and German youngsters equally applaud Romulus for murdering Remus because he jumped over a wall; the Roman heroes for putting the unarmed Sabines to the sword so that they might violate their wives and daughters in peace; the three Horatii and the three Curatii for their species of circus duel; Scipio for getting twenty thousand Carthaginians despatched at Zama; Julius Caesar for sending trained armies to exterminate innocent, half-naked savages of Gaul and Britain; Constantine for keeping the empire together at huge cost

of blood in order to divide it among his sons; Charlemagne for his pious conversion of heathens by making holocausts of them. But the schoolgoers of France and Germany by no means look upon Napoleon III and William I, Benedetti and Bismarck, MacMahon and Moltke, with equal measure of approval. No, little Jean or Johann, Jeanne or Johanna, if you do that you are unpatriotic. If you have doubts you are unpatriotic. If you want to be impartial you are unpatriotic. If you care for nothing but the truth you are unpatriotic.

Let me tell you now, my dear Hänschen, Jeannette, Juanito, Jennie; boys and girls of Abyssinia, Brazil, China, Denmark; children of Evora, Fez, Ghent, Havana; small inhabitants of every place in the universe—let me for a moment stop speaking to the grownups, and let me tell you something about the country of your birth. You will notice that I make a great many comparisons with other countries, and I do so to save you the trouble of visiting them and of making those comparisons yourself. In this way you will possess a lot of knowledge without really having got it. Well, let me begin.

Your country is the best in the world. A more beautiful country does not exist. Some people say they like high mountains, and some prefer large plains, although others would rather have thick forests, and then there are people who care for none of these things, but would choose rivers or lakes or a sea-coast instead. Never mind what anybody thinks about one kind of scenery; God, who created it all, made the scenery of your dear country too, and made it very, very beautiful, and there is no country that has any which you ought to admire more. The people

who inhabit your native land—and most of all the men governing it—have always been favoured with God's special care and blessing. They are handsome and strong and clever and good, and the history books will tell you how they in the past have counted for more in the world than any other race; and so they will in the future until the world comes to an end. But you must only read history books in your own language, because those written by foreigners are never truthful. When a foreign writer speaks of his own nation he always brags, and when he speaks of our nation he does it in such a deceitful way that nobody imagines what a fine nation ours is. I have read lots of books written abroad, and I have noticed how every one of those authors tries to make out his country the greatest that was ever known. That simply shows jealousy. If one could forget for a moment that one ought to be modest, then I fancy it would be easy to tell those jealous foreigners which is actually the greatest country in the world. I hope though, my dears, you can guess which country I mean. Your land, at any rate, is the envy of foreigners for a great many reasons. You see, they are aware that our nation has always had the best rulers and the best government, so that our laws are now the wisest, and other nations wish theirs were as good. It is also true that our nation has had an unusual number of talented men who wrote books, or were artists, or made inventions, or studied very deeply in difficult subjects. But then the people of our country have minds a little sharper than the rest of mankind, and this gives us a tremendous advantage, and makes us very much looked up to—not you and me, of course, but the people. I have

already mentioned how good the inhabitants of our native land are, besides being remarkably clever. They obey God and his commandments more than other races do, and that is why they are called so God-fearing; and because they obey the laws so well they are known as law-abiding. They are warm hearted, generous, and incapable of doing anything mean or disgraceful. I am speaking of our nation taken altogether, for there are always black sheep to be found everywhere. But they are the exception in our country. Yes, dear children, the beautiful, blessed country you were born in is populated by a truly noble race. You ought to be glad you belong to it, you ought to thank God. And you must be proud of the flag of your great nation, and honour that flag next to God. And what I am going to say now—relating to the flag chiefly—is intended more for the boys than the girls; but you girls listen too, as it may help you to love your country. The flag, boys, represents the nation: the people, the government, the ruler, the land itself, and everything on the land, whether put there as a gift from God or by the hands of men. The flag stands also for your country's laws and for its religion, as well as for its past history, and for all the benefits which it has bestowed on the human race through the wisdom and goodness come to our people from Above. So when you hear the expression *For God and Country* you will understand. Yet it is not enough to honour your country's flag, boys. You must be ready to fight for that flag. You must be even willing to die for that flag. In fact there is no death so glorious. I ask you to take this one thing particularly to heart: the noblest memory a man can leave is that he died a Christian hero

fighting under the banner of his native land. This each one of you must believe who wishes to be patriotic, because everybody despises a person who is unpatriotic. Ours is the most patriotic nation on earth. Thousands and thousands of our ancestors have fought and bled and died for their fatherland. Our soldiers have always been, and still are, the bravest in the world. And they have never fought, they never will fight, excepting for just reasons. It has happened—but only very rarely—that our troops have not actually won the victory when they have fought in a battle. Perhaps their generals then made some mistake, or the enemy's army was very much the largest, or they were in a place from which they could not get out again, or there was a traitor, or our brave soldiers stopped fighting because so many of their comrades were dead or wounded that the rest saw it was no use going on, or they were simply tired and worn out. In cases like these our army would either send a flag of truce to the other side, meaning that it was willing to end the battle if the foe was, or our men would march off and retreat. Therefore it would be wrong to think that the soldiers of our country had at any time been altogether and entirely defeated. For they never do anything so cowardly as to run away—like some others I could mention. Our soldiers may surrender,—that is stop fighting of their own accord,—but they cannot be beaten. All these things which I have been telling you, dear children, foreigners know perfectly well to be true, though they may not acknowledge them, and that is why so many people abroad are envious and afraid of our grand and glorious nation.

The pupils of all countries get copious urgency in type and by tongue to worship the heroes of their own nation's history; and nowhere on this most circular, most peripheral, most round, most rotund, most ball shaped, most globular, most spherical, most celestial of all positively probably, possibly, and potentially celestial bodies, nowhere on this most absolutely perfect planet does the least misapprehension exist over the meaning of the term *national hero*. Confucius, Phidias, Epictetus, Galileo, Erasmus, Mozart, Guttenberg, Darwin, Balzac, Velasquez, Linnaeus—not one of those poor harmless fools has any school-child or college student in the world ever read of in print or heard of from mouth as a national hero; neither Erasmus nor Velasquez nor Linnaeus took part in a single war even as drummer boy, wagon driver, or camp scavenger. For these why should therefore the growing Jan, Juan, or Johan be admonished to reserve loftiest veneration? I am aware, of course, that any fourteen-year old resident of Amsterdam, Madrid, Stockholm, could assure one with complete certitude that no greater philosopher, painter, scientist, than Erasmus, Velasquez, Linnaeus, had ever lived. Still, why encourage the young to think about pettifogging word-mongers, futile colour-splashers, and queer old busybodies who want to ascertain whether a guinea-pig looks the same inside as a turnip, and whether a turnip feels like a comet—or affairs just as ridiculous? No, let youth turn to lively human concerns, to actual matters of flesh and blood, to valorous deeds of patriotism! There were the magnificent admirals de Ruyter and van Tromp, each humbling the flag of haughty Britain, and there was that splendid stadholder, the prayerful, warlike

William of Orange, who at their own petition came to be king of Holland's formerly defeated foes. Roderigo, the lustrous fighting Cid, what champion so spotless drew sword against the savage Moors, and what bold conquerors carved over-ocean empire like Cortez and Pizzaro and de Soto with their indomitable Spanish blades? Gustavus Vasa, famed vanquisher of the Danes; Gustavus Adolphus, grand Protestant hero of the Thirty Years' religious war; Charles XII, dauntless invader of Denmark, Poland, Russia—happy Sweden, that may'st proclaim thyself the mother of those incomparable soldiers!

A certain "History of France" for high-schools lies open before me, and I transcribe its first paragraph:

"It has been said that France is God's soldier. For more than twelve centuries, in fact, has France been working, fighting, conquering, suffering, for the benefit of mankind. Through a remarkable privilege nothing important has ever been done in Europe in which the hand of France has not appeared; no great political or social experiment has been attempted anywhere without its first having succeeded in France. The history of France is at once the sum and digest of the whole history of modern civilization. Such was the part played by Athens in the Greek world, and also at a later date, in the third age of ancient civilization, that taken by Rome. The world still has need," continues the author, "of the most illustrious among modern nations," which "has given or interpreted to Europe all ideas of reason and justice." And although the foreign nations, "following far behind while trying to resist our penetrating influence, have talked loudly of our faults and our mistakes, yet the first language they have

learnt after that of the domestic hearth has been ours, and the first glance they have cast beyond their own borders and their own history has fallen upon our France."

The military genius of France is eloquently celebrated in these pages, which shine with the dazzling names of the world's most brilliant marshals, as for example: Charlemagne and Charles Martel, William the Bastard, Conqueror of England, Bayard, Gallant Knight without Fear and without Reproach, Joan, the Maid of Arc, Conde and Turenne, Ney, Bravest of the Brave, and—greatest general, greatest ruler, greatest man of all time—Napoleon Bonaparte. This Corsican, I on my own account remark, despite the fact of his not being dead a century is now so universally admired, even by the descendants of his defeated enemies, as to occupy the singular position of an international hero. As to his last battle, the author I have been quoting declares: "Had Grouchy prevented the Prussians from joining with Wellington on the 18th, the English would have been crushed at Waterloo." German historians accord Blücher credit for that victory, since he arrived in sufficient time to prop the tottering, enfeebled British lines, put fresh and lusty German strength into a failing cause, and so wrench triumph from threatening disaster. English writers assert the day to have been already won before Blücher's appearance. Indeed more than one citizen of the Empire on which the Sun Never Sets has assured me that the red coats and the blue jackets of Old England have always been worn by "the best fighting men in the world." Hence the French foreigner who wrote this "History of France" must be lying when he says that foreign Frenchmen defeated English heroes:

at Blanquefort, Calais, Castillon, Fontenoy, Formigny, Minorca, Neerwinde, Orléans, Rhé, Steinkirk, Ticonderoga, etc., etc. And if the statement that Englishmen have been beaten not only by Frenchmen but also, for example, by Afghans, Americans, Argentinians, Boers, Danes, Hollanders, Maoris, Russians, Sikhs, Spaniards, Sudanese Arabs, Zulus, etc., etc., cannot be disproved, then a loyal British pedagogue ought either to forget such happenings or to tell his classes that on all of those occasions something must have gone wrong. Or he should make the excuse that Englishmen cannot but have sustained a few apparent defeats, for the reason that they have fought so much—not from wanton inclination but from sheer bravery. Because:

“Of all the world’s brave heroes, there’s none that can
compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, to the British
grenadier.

* * * *

And all the gods celestial, descending from their spheres,
Behold with admiration the British grenadiers.”

I stop to remind the dear children that ours is the most patriotic and the bravest of all nations, and that foreigners do not tell the truth about us because they are jealous.

After which interpolation I proceed with a few excellently educative sentences from the same book for the study of French history. One reads with reference to Bayard:

"His uncle, Bishop of Grenoble, once said to him: 'My boy, be noble like your ancestors, like your great-great-grandfather, who was killed at the feet of King John at Poitiers, like your great-grandfather and your grandfather, who both met the same fate, one at Agincourt and the other at Montlhery, and then too like your father, who was covered with honourable wounds in defending his country.' Bayard often remembered these words of the good bishop. When he was eighteen he had two horses killed under him at Florence, and captured a hostile flag. In the kingdom of Naples he slew the Captain Sotomayor in single combat for slandering him, because he aspired to be what he remained, the model of the perfect knight, humane, modest, invincible. On the day of Garigliano he saved the French army by holding a bridge against the victorious enemy. 'Like an escaped tiger,' according to the chronicle, 'he stuck to the rail of the bridge, and defended himself so well with sword-strokes that they knew not what to make of him, thinking he must be not man but devil.' Moreover he had on this occasion a coat of arms granted him, a porcupine with the motto *One has the strength of an army*. Owing to him Genoa was taken and the battle of Agnadell won in 1509."

But it seems that God's soldier lost the qualities proper to humane tigers, virtuous devils, and model porcupines, since this is what ultimately happened to the country which was once owned by the irreproachable Napoleon Bonaparte, and which still belongs to the privileged City of Light:

"For the first time in four centuries France receded. . . . If there is an historical right anywhere it is on our side, and

the Prussians dared not consult the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine to enquire whether they wished to become German or remain French. After treating a population of 1,600,000 souls like a herd of animals that one owns, Germany endeavoured to exhaust France for a lengthy period by demanding an indemnity of five milliards. But who shall count up the hundreds of millions extorted as alleged war contributions; the requisitions levied upon communities and the ransoms extracted from individuals; thefts of furniture, plate, books, objects of artistic and scientific value despatched across the Rhine; unnecessary destruction of houses and palaces, of farms and whole villages; cold-blooded slaughter or contrary to international law; rapine on every pretext; violence under every name; outrage in every form of which Germany, in its inveterate jealousy of France, made itself guilty during this six months' war, which through the methodical devastation practised recalls the worst days of ancient warfare? France will implacably remember all those griefs caused by a hypocritical ambition, all those affronts inflicted with a calculated barbarity, all those fourteen milliards lost to works of peace, of learning, and of civilization. But either by arms or by ideas France shall be avenged."

Yes, torch of the universe, capital of the guillotine, home of absinthe, metropolis of Manon Lescaut, City of Light indeed, up, gird thy chaste loins, and with Napoleonic escutcheon incorruptible arm thy white bosom against the libertine alien hordes who still dare, day by day and night by night, to desecrate thy radiant purlieus, who, lechers in tourists' clothing, outwardly Baedekered and

inwardly depraved, prowl thy *boulevards*, leer at thy *lingerie*, and ravish thy *cocottes*!

Were this last sentence an ironical tirade of national prejudice instead of merely an individual comment, the existence of that kind of bias might be in part ascribed to—don't you guess?—patriotic education at school. At home, as you are aware, Mademoiselle patriotically began by trying to make an ancient swordsman of me, who was to decapitate witches and Persians. But reconsidering the case, and concluding that my services ought to be secured on behalf of the Helvetian Republic (to guarantee its independence), she decided converting me into a mediæval bowman, terror of apples and of Austrian tyrants. My progenitors, no less determined than my governess to train me an expert in patriotism, and anxious besides for the salvation of my soul, endeavoured to charm me by the simultaneous spell of knightly piety and Biblical chivalry, so that O. H. Neland had a narrow escape from becoming an Athenian Crusader sworn to exterminate the 14th century Philistines.

Those attempts to bring me up a patriotic slaughterer were successful to the degree indicated by the make-believe duels between Francesco and myself. And no doubt I enjoyed playing with the tin soldiers and wooden gun presented to me by a clever papa and a kind mama as much as normal boys of healthy disposition and similarly humane, enlightened parentage are wont to do. But the farsighted and altruistic couple who gave me breath must have been puzzled at observing how the effect of their incitements to assassination weakened when Franz and I went to school in Germany. For whatever encounters he

and I may then have had with comrades, it so happened that we perpetrated no more sham homicide upon each other. I, in after life, became and remained a miserable milksop, devoid of a single virile virtue, without one of those great qualities which go to founding states and holding imperial dominion, sans inclination even to aim a peashooter at a window pane for or against the honour of the proudest, oldest, finest, richest, justest, biggest, wisest nation upon earth (which you of course belong to).

Yet naught was neglected at our Hanoverian school to make me and Franz frightfully dangerous to foreign foes—men who should dare so much as wink at The Eagle—serene, majestic emblem of victorious Germany, compared to which the pseudo-eaglets of Austria, Chile, France, Mexico, Russia, the United States, and so on, are a flock of cawing, whistling, cackling, cooing, tapping, twittering crows, finches, geese, pigeons, woodpeckers, wrens, and the like unpatriotic ornithological alien abortions, begotten in ditches or behind dunghills and hatched from eggs with soft shells. As Jean must be taught to despise Johann, so must Johann learn to disdain Jean. They must scorn, hate, and wish to kill one another. If they don't they won't become loyal citizens. And then they won't fight for the country's flag. Of what use would flags be if everybody refused to die for them? Suppose that foreigners did not enjoy being killed for theirs! No—such impudence as that would be inconceivable.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. This should be the thought of every proper-minded boy when, cramming his mouth with a last bite of bread and butter, he dashes away from the unfinished gross pleasures of the flesh to

be in time for the bell that announces the new day's first hour of moral elevation. But Franz and I were immoral; we had a different formula. Or rather, we each had one, which never varied in substance though it might in phrase. School opened at seven in summer and at eight in winter, and as we half walked, half ran, to get to the Müllersche Institut in time, I would querulously nag, "Why don't you hurry more?" And my puffing young cousin would gasp, "Do you—think we—shall be—late?" Franz, one would say in the appropriate academic language, was evincing embryonic psychological faculties of deduction sufficient to establish a potential relationship between cause and effect. Yet upon such irrelevancies I will not dwell, but will instance how at Hanover—and throughout the whole Teutonic empire—rising youth was prompted to believe that a true man's grandest destiny lay in making enemies perish for the glory of the Red-White-and-Black. (It is good to die for your country, but better to make foreigners die for it.)

Neither need I describe the course of tuition at the Hanoverian establishment bearing the name of Müller, because all of the patriotic elements—present in the teaching of history and geography, in reading-exercises and composition-writing, in poems to be learnt by heart and orations to be analyzed, in the singing lessons and in the religious instruction—were repeated in epitome at the annual celebration of Sedan. This national festival is still solemnized in the schools of Germany on the second of September, the day when, in 1870, the war against France had entered on a new stage with a battle gaining the two peoples 26,000 corpses and cripples, forcing the surrender

of Marshal MacMahon at the head of 83,000 uselessly employed men, extinguishing the French imperial government by the capture of Napoleon III, and preceding the installation of William I over the new German empire, thus founded in exactly the same way as all the world's most talked of commonwealths. That this was not the best way, the two hundred and twenty boys of nine to eighteen assembled on the second of September in the *aula* of the Institut were never given the atom of a surmise.

The scholars placed themselves on chairs in rows, the first of which was for the few boys chosen to recite. Opposite this first row was a broad dais where the black-coated masters were seated in a semi-circle, our ancient, steely-browed director rigid in the middle of them behind a raised desk. To one side of the dais loomed a black harmonium, at which our lean and eager little singing master, a theological candidate who also taught Bible history, fidgetted on a very worn music stool. The other end of the dais was occupied by a cupboard containing the singing books; for the vocal instruction, received twice a week by the whole school at once, took place in this hall. Against the wall at the back of the dais stood close together three plaster busts on tall, round wooden pedestals wound spirally about with alternating stripes of black and white calico. The central bust represented the Emperor William I,—called also William the Great,—and the other two Field Marshal Count Moltke and Prince Bismarck, chancellor of the Empire. All three wore spiked helmets. On the Emperor's lay a wreath of green leaves, the three pedestals being kept together, as it were, by ropes of fes-

tooned verdure. A gilt-framed lithograph of Germania, armed and corsletted, hung upon the back wall of the *aula*, with two banners—the Prussian black and white and the German red, white, and black—so draped above the picture as to fall over its top corners.

Other details of how the hall looked on Sedan holidays I do not remember. But I know that upon distribution of the singing books the affair used to begin with "Hail thee in victor's wreath." After this German anthem (whose air I have heard employed for a national hymn in Canada, Denmark, England, Prussia, Saxony, Switzerland, and the United States) the stiff old director, who never smiled and never lost his temper, offered up an impromptu prayer to "the god of the Germans," the fatherland's mighty guardian and protector, lord of the heavenly host, hurling fiery legions at the sinister foe who dares to set impious foot on sacred German soil—in which or similar terms he invoked the deity. After this German orison the school joined in Martin Luther's German hymn "A mighty fortress is our God." Numerous songs and declamations took up the rest of the morning. The singing was mostly done in chorus, pupils recited the poems, and pupils of the top class or junior masters delivered the remaining spoken pieces, one of which would narrate German military feats of the late war, another unroll an historical panorama of German martial achievements, and so on. I recollect neither the exact order nor precise contents of all those deliverances, said or sung; but they were echoes or repetitions from the regular curriculum, and by their general tenor one would have judged that German victory in battle was God's chief concern in

governing the universe, German righteousness God's perpetual message to the peoples of the earth, and his German burgherhood God's own highest quality of merit.

The old saw, *God forsakes no German*, and the popular motto, *With God for king and country*, are re-echoed in the "Fatherland Song," which contains the following lines:

"The God who let iron grow
Wished for no serfs;
Therefore, he put sabre, falchion, and spear
Into man's right hand.

* * * *

Oh, Germany, sacred fatherland!
Oh, German love and troth!
Thou noble land! Thou lovely land!

* * * *

Ye Germans all, man for man,
Together for the fatherland
Lift up your hearts to heaven,
And heavenward your hands!

* * * *

All that can sound, let it sound—
Drums and flutes!
Today we will, man for man,
Redden our iron with blood,
With tyrant blood, French blood!
Oh, sweet day of vengeance!"

"The German's Fatherland," according to the poem so entitled, means every place, including Switzerland, Tyrol, and Austria, "where the German tongue resounds and

God in Heaven sings songs, where wrath destroys alien baubles, where every Frenchman is called enemy, where an oath is sworn by a pressure of the hand, where faithfulness flashes brightly from the eye, where love dwells warm in the heart." Like "Fatherland Song," this versified invention of "The German's Fatherland" derives from the pen of Ernst Moritz Arndt. He was a favorite author for Sedan Day. I also quote him because he comes first in a "Selection of German Poems" which we used at Hanover, and because he is represented in all reading books and literary histories for German schools. This "Selection," made by an Altenburg professor, has circulated throughout Germany since 1877, and its preface makes the volume's purpose quite clear: "It is an excellent book for school and home, very suitable for the upper classes of gymnasia and realgymnasia, but also for girls' schools and seminaries. And since, disbarring a false kind of popularity, it offers altogether vigorous and healthful nourishment for mind and soul, its use may likewise be recommended to teachers and pupils of common schools and those of middle grade. . . . May the book continue to implant a Christian and patriotic spirit in youthful hearts, and impassion them for the eternal ideas of the good, the true, and the beautiful."

And from no real German song-book, real German poetry-book, real German celebration, or real German memory is "The Watch on the Rhine" ever absent. Karl Wilhelm, who composed the music to verses by Max Schneckenburger, was rewarded therefor with a pension from the government. But why did not Max Schneckenburger get a pension? Was it because his dithyrambic

tropes intoned sentiments too grand for recompense upon a mortal standard of appraisement? Alas, whatever the reason, it is too late to proffer meed of earthly recognition to that real German poet with a real German name, who now sits on high—he, Max Schneckenburger—helping God to damn foreigners in the way that a real German god ought to. As for me I can but quote some of the words we used to sing, in the *aula* of the Müllersche Institut, that were written by his Highwellborn Excellency the Imperial Vice-celestial-court-alien-damnator:

“There roars a call like roll of thunder,
 Like clashing of swords and dashing of waves:
 ‘To the Rhine, to the Rhine, to the German Rhine!
 Who will be guardian of the stream?’
 The German youth, strong and pious,
 Protects the sacred boundary line.
 He glances up to the heavenly fields,
 Whence heroes’ spirits look down,
 And swears, with proud longing for combat:
 ‘Thou, Rhine, shall’st remain German, even like my
 heart.’

* * * *

‘As rich in water as thy stream,
 Is Germany in heroes’ blood.
 While yet a droplet of my blood still glows,
 A fist still draws a sword,
 And an arm still cocks a musket,
 No alien shall tread thy shore.’

The oath rings out, the billow runs,
The flags flutter high in the wind:
"To the Rhine, to the Rhine, to the German Rhine!
We all will be guardians!" "

I hear you laugh, friends Jean, John, Ivan, at what you call the vain, ridiculous swagger of Johann's foreign bosh. But for Germany and German substitute France and French, England and English, Russia and Russian; instead of Rhine put Seine, Thames, Volga. Then lo, *presto*, *hocus-pocus*, a miracle! The Watch on the Seine-or-Thames-or-Volga is no longer vain, ridiculous, swaggering foreign bosh, but exalted, solemn, confident French-or-English-or-Russian national fervour. Or let one imagine Danube, Amazon, Yang-tze-Kiang; the respective results are analogous. Every child brought up by the Amazon, the Danube, the Rhine, the Seine, the Thames, the Volga, the Yang-tze-Kiang, or any other river, learns that this is the most beautiful, most majestic, most renowned river in the world, that the country through which it flows is in the sight of God and men the most important on the globe, and that the people inhabiting its banks are not foolish or weak or bad,—like other people,—but that they are superhuman. And the tip-top pinnacle of the apex of the acme of superhumanity is attained by this people's military and naval commanders, not one of whom ever was the instrument of villainous politics, ever backed up commercial rapacity, ever headed a felonious expedition, ever issued a barbarous order, ever regarded interest of self, ever begged or bestowed personal favours, ever knew that contractors existed. No admiral or general (of the

country to which you belong) ever betrayed a woman, cheated at cards, told a lie, shirked danger, stole anything in war, or got drunk.

Such were the eternal ideas of the good, the true, and the beautiful implanted in those young hearts on the second of September by way of vigorous, healthy, Christian nourishment. From the prose and verse then spoken or chanted, the scholars present could not but have conceived all the German national heroes other than sublimely perfect. I do little but muster a few of their names; the Altenburg collection tells more about them, and some trustworthy patriotic German school history, supplemented by a symposium of irrefutable patriotic German orations, would content the ungodliest doubter. Alaric, King of the Goths, who invaded Italy from the southeast, and pillaged the city of Rome—of his doings we were reminded by Platen's poem "The grave in the Busento," in the bed of which river "the brave Goths" buried "the best of their nation's dead" with his regalia, safe from desecration by "vile Roman cupidity." The Emperor Frederic Barbarossa also invaded Italy with philanthropic purpose, and subsequently did battle against the infidels in the Holy Land, where he perished. He now dwells, self-bewitched, in an ancient subterranean castle; in his chosen time he will return, yet meanwhile he sits at a marble table, through which his red beard has grown, "not a beard of flax, a beard of fiery flame." Arminius, Liberator of the Germans, invariably rose from the dead on Sedan Day to quote Augustus Caesar's classic lament upon hearing of Varus' defeat in the Teutoburg Forest. Yet the junior pupils used to turn up their noses at the

mention of Arminius. Their demonstration was not due to the tremendous holocaust he made of the Roman army: they were being too well educated to resent military massacre. But they balked at the liberation of the fatherland since they disliked Latin, and it was in Latin that Caesar Augustus had exclaimed *Vare, Vare, redde mihi legiones meas!* *Vare*—that was a queer thing to call a man named Varus, and if one meant legions why say *legiones*? Still *Vare* and *legiones* one could understand. But *redde*—*redde*—oh, that beastly Latin! Among other heroes Frederic the Great and Moltke were to be exalted equally: the first because he said so many witty things, and took Silesia away from the Austrians; the other because he scarcely ever said a word, and took Alsace-Lorraine away from the French. And then there was that fine old German warrior “Marshal Forwards,” Prince Blücher, that “rough but true-hearted, old German cavalryman,” who whenever he met the enemy went straight forwards at him, and beat him soundly (excepting when he did not.) At Bautzen, Brienne, the first battle by the Katzbach, etc., Blücher would more fitly have been called “Marshal Backwards.”

One morn of June while sojourning in Philadelphia, long after the term at Hanover, I chanced to hear that it was Flag Day. I gathered that Flag Day was no national holiday but only a school festival, instituted to suscite loyalty to the American banner among the pupils of the schools maintained out of the public exchequer, and most especially among the children come from alien lands. To this end songs and recitations of a patriotic sort were employed, the trump stroke of procedure being a ceremonious

salute rendered to an American standard by all the scholars of both sexes. I ascertained the locality of a school where this function might be witnessed, but owing to delay in finding the place I unluckily arrived too late, when the boys and girls were about to disperse. Still, I contrived to obtain a glance into what corresponded with the Hanoverian *aula*. The Philadelphian hall was much larger and filled with little desks instead of long benches. At one end of the room was a low platform, on which stood a single big desk. On the wall behind this desk hung two framed engravings far apart; they represented George Washington in general's costume, wearing tricorn, epaulets, sash, and sword, and Abraham Lincoln in plain garb. Between the two portraits was affixed an enormous rectangular piece of tinted linen stamped with a peculiar design. The greater portion of the linen surface was occupied by alternate red and white, horizontal, parallel bars of equal breadth; but one of the corners was taken up by a small, dark blue oblong containing within it several rows of regularly spaced, little white prickly spots. I concluded this coloured linen rectangle to have been the object of the salute which I had missed seeing. My supposition was confirmed by a teacher,—just then leaving,—who told me where I could purchase a book that described the ceremony called Saluting the Flag. The pamphlet in question, "Flag Day in the Schoolroom," embodies a chapter of instructions for the execution of a kind of drill. The chapter being too long to cite entirely, here is the gist:

The pupils say a certain sentence aloud in chorus, simultaneously carrying out prescribed gestures. They declaim the sentence, not in cohesive sequence of speech, but in a

succession of lingual jerks, thus: "I love and will defend—our flag and our country—of equal rights— one nation and one flag—forever." Preceded by a command from the teacher, "Patriots, salute!" the spoken formula is accompanied by a series of motions with the arms, one of them imitating the military salute, "with first finger to the centre of the forehead, the flattened hand held horizontally, palm downward." "Intense earnestness should be displayed," so runs the exhortation, "both in the action and the voice with which the words are uttered. If the flash of the eye and the victorious ring of tone shall be a reminder of that of the defenders of the flag in battle, there will be indeed an inspiration in the salute." Children of foreign parentage pronounce another formula: "Flag of our great republic, inspirer in battle, guardian of our homes, whose stars and stripes stand for bravery, purity, truth, and union, we salute thee. We, the natives of distant lands, who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our hearts, our lives, and our sacred honour to love and protect thee, our country, and the liberty of the American people forever."

I give another version of the above:

The people of this country are more brave, more pure, more truthful, and more united than the people of other countries. Against those inferior nations we must defend and protect the flag of this superior republic. That is to say we will fight for it in battle. We mean that we will kill people belonging to other nations. These might include brothers of ours who did not emigrate to America with us but preferred to stay behind; we will kill them notwithstanding. If the people of the other countries

were as brave, pure, truthful, and united as Americans, they would be the same as Americans, and there would be less reason to kill them.

How many American teachers would acknowledge that patriotism engenders killing for the flag in battle, how many that school children learn it is right to kill foreigners, how many that it is as wrong to kill foreigners as one's own countrymen?

To teachers and tutors, preceptors and pedagogues, ushers, dominies, and instructors throughout the United States of North America a certain "Manual of Patriotism" must be well known, or else its spirit by those learned sires and dames highly and duly approved, the more so because it imparts no such views as I have gained through travel and inquiry and rational comparison. (A "Manual of Patriotism" written by me would not foster enough contempt toward strange countries, nor would excite sufficient indignation at their impertinent lack of inferiority.) The concluding seventy pages of that book made up a division entitled "Important Dates in American History," which are announced as "compiled for use in morning exercises in schools, in the belief that if used intelligently such exercises will materially aid the avowed purpose of this volume in stimulating an intelligent patriotism, through a knowledge of events that have been influential in shaping the development of our country to its present marvellous greatness, and have added to its acknowledged prestige." The dates are arranged month by month, July, for instance, showing twenty-six entries,—with notes,—out of which seventeen read as follows:

"July 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 1863—Battle of Gettysburg.

July 2nd, 1775—Washington took command of the army at Cambridge.

July 3rd, 1898—Battle of Santiago.

July 4th, 1609—Discovery of Lake Champlain.

(Part of note: In 1608 Champlain planted on the St. Lawrence the post of Quebec, the next year joining a party of Hurons and Algonquins in a war expedition against the Five Nations.)

July 4th, 1776—Declaration of Independence.

July 4th and 5th, 1778—Massacre in the Wyoming Valley.

July 4th, 1863—Capture of Vicksburg.

July 5th, 1814—Battle of Chippewa.

July 7th, 1898—Annexation of the Hawaiian Islands.

July 9th, 1755—Braddock's Defeat.

July 12th, 1804—Duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr.

July 15th, 1779—Storming of Stony Point.

July 17th, 1898—Surrender of Santiago.

July 21st, 1861—Battle of Bull Run.

July 23rd, 1885—Death of Ulysses S. Grant.

July 25th, 1814—Battle of Lundy's Lane.

July 27th, 1898—Porto Rico taken."

If so selected mention of historical events could bring no impression of the splendid excellence of killing and conquest, soldiering and sailing, to the juvenile American mind, then I should have to avow that the youth of the United States was composed of idiots. But even if American youngsters were not the sanest and cleverest since the manufacture of time and space began, how could they

possibly misapprehend the homicidal instruction which—like all children all the world over—they receive from earliest age? Indeed many of the growing male population of the United States, and many also in Great Britain, Canada, and Australia, receive something beyond bare verbal urgency to put foreigners under the sod. They anticipate this amusement by practising for it. In those English-speaking countries—which as yet impose no universal obligation of military or naval service with the colours during time of peace—may be found very numerous schools and academies, whether maintained by the State or not, where all or some of the pupils are organized as soldiers. These cadets, as they are usually named, wear uniform. They drill with rifles and bayonets under military officers or ex-officers appointed by the government, shoot at painted targets or dummy enemies, parade, make marches, have sham battles, and go to camp with regulars or militia to take part in competitions of marksmanship or in field manœuvres. Military titles and promotion render the mock regiments still closer akin to the real; and those I have seen tramping in step through the streets of English, Canadian, and American towns or villages, bugles blowing and flags afloat, might by a visitor from Mars have been conjectured some sort of dwarfish corps bound for a campaign. I have never been to Australia, but in Canada I once saw a few Australian cadets, boys of fifteen or so, garbed like British colonial cavalry, though without weapons; I was told that their habitual equipment included a short, light rifle. The Australian government imposes tuition in military drill and marksmanship on all school boys of twelve, and cadets who have reached

eighteen are regarded as militiamen always liable for service in war.

Within recent years Anglo-Saxondom—which is tending toward obligatory universal training in arms—has produced the Boy Scouts. This invention of the Boy Scouts was nothing but an excuse for getting boys into military habits. Boy Scouts are voluntary, unarmed associations, said to pursue systematic improvement of the personal—and therefore national—bodily and moral fibre mainly through disciplined outdoor life and sports. To this definition the major-general who founded the Boy Scouts of England would himself subscribe. And the major-general himself has said: “There is no intention of making the lads into soldiers, or of teaching them blood-thirstiness.” But the major-general has also said: “They are taught that a citizen must be prepared to take his fair share among his fellows in the defence of the homeland against aggression.” Of the means by which a citizen can accomplish this while foregoing soldierly blood-thirstiness, the gifted military strategist—veteran of several wars of British aggression—attempts no probe. Nevertheless the Boy Scouts of the British Empire and the American Republic swear “loyalty” to the King or the President, march the streets in uniform to the sound of tambours or trumpets, carrying long sticks and preceded by the national standard. Besides their drilling, in belt and leggings, by “patrols” and “troops,” their “officers” bear distiguishing “shoulder-knots” and “badges,” and are given “salutes.” Boy Scouts sing “war songs,” play “war games,” and receive medals for saving life. Finally if—as frequently has happened—Boy Scouts march

in processions of soldiers reviewed by royalty or generals, still to disavow military intentions is to talk dishonest nonsense. Perhaps I am denying due deference to a noble and patriotic commander who ordered the lynching of unpatriotic alien Afghans, Ashantis, Boers, Matabeles, and Zulus. These overweening foreigners had the mountainous audacity to wish being let alone. So this national hero had to ward off aggression upon the innocent homeland by Afghan cruisers, Ashanti submarines, Boer battleships, Matabele aeroplanes, and the Zulu pantelebomb—knocking flies from a crown at a distance of five thousand miles. The national hero saved his pacific country by not waiting for the arrival of the arrogant rascals who wanted to be left in peace. At the head of weaponed gladiators he went forth, cashing in payments on the celestial mortgage assigned to the Lord's anointed people, whose island

“—first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main”

for the divine purpose implied in Jehovah's unlimited conveyance of real estate:

“All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.”

It is a mark of heroism to defend one's own country by attacking somebody else's, and you must respect a hero, though he be stupid as a camel, or cruel as a hyena, or a rotting sot, or a monster who revels in the agonies and

screams and awful writhings of a battlefield. Towards a hero, even if he laughs over having killed fellow men with his own hands, you must be very ceremonious. When you visit him be sure you wear kid gloves and leave a card of the correct shape. Why forsooth should not heroes demand the polite observance of etiquette? (Avoid red gloves—for the sake of tact). Therefore I apologize to the major-general. More, I mention with regret an episode demonstrating how his motives fructify.

I was on a steamer passing through the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence river. At one of the small wharfs where the ship stopped to leave and take passengers, eight Boy Scouts—I remember counting them as they crossed the gangplank—got on. They all looked brown and healthy, and came bounding aboard the boat with jolly shouts of “Goodbye!” to some white-frocked girls on the shore. I heard a member of the crew just then say that a lot of Boy Scouts had been camping in the Thousand Islands that summer, and saw him point to a distant cluster of white patches—canvas tents among trees. Soon after the young chaps had settled together on deck they began to sing in chorus. Songs in chorus are scarce worth following because it is well nigh impossible to apprehend the text. But I observed the refrain of one of those Canadian lays to end on the word *volunteer*, and the tune to correspond with that of an English ditty I knew. After the singing was done I asked information from one of the biggest boys, who was perhaps seventeen, about the *volunteer* song. He said he was not aware that it had a special name, but that each verse concluded with: “There’s no one in the wide, wide world like the Canadian volun-

teer." At once I perceived this an adaptation of "The British Grenadier," which commences:

"Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that
can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, to the British
Grenadier."

I need repeat none of my dialogue with *puer bellicosus canadensis* except two sentences, which I afterwards noted down:

"Then you like being a Boy Scout very much?"

"Oh, I guess I like it all right—but—it's not the same as the militia. The militia—that's more real."

Friend patriot, I daresay you have by now observed what absurd claims emanate from the thing called loyalty—the loyalty of other nations. But lest you've not I'll summon up a case to prove the point. I assume you a citizen of Austria. The Austrian dominion is the greatest in the world, and it is governed by the noblest monarch in the world. His name is Francis. The first Emperor of Austria was Francis. The next in order of succession also bears the name of Francis. Then why not a hymn to fit any Austrian Emperor Francis (the best ruler in the world)? Just that lofty aim your national anthem fulfils:

"God preserve Francis, the Emperor,
Our good Emperor Francis!
High as ruler, high as sage,
Stands he in the splendour of fame.

* * *

Over blooming tracts
Extend his sceptre, far and wide;
Pillars of his throne are mildness,
Forthrightness, and honesty,
And from his shield
Justice irradiates.

* * *

With virtues to adorn himself
He holds is worth his care;
Not to oppress nations
Does his sword flame in his hand;
To bless them, to make them happy,
Is the prize he seeks."

How simple! Yet how beautiful and how true—true, not only of Francis, but of every Austrian sovereign, past and future! And, ah, what loyalty! This is no flash foreign loyalty, so often laughable, extravagantly vain. Your glorious hymn, with the sublimely trustful front of its heaven-born avouchments—how easily does it dispel the braggart vauntings of other nations, chase off their prancing cant, rout their bombastic self-idolatry, condemn their spurious grandeur to utmost ridicule for evermore! Ha, let the rest of the world but study Austrian history, the finest, proudest record yet unrolled of valour, conquest, rule, and legislation, of art and genius, enterprise and progress, liberty and equity, truth, purity, and right! Why, even Austrian children learn this at school! Populated by a thrifty, intelligent, industrious community, Austria leads the world, etc. Austrian men are the bravest

on the globe and Austrian women the fairest, etc. The scenery of Austria, which is well known to be unsurpassed for genuine loveliness, etc. There are no cities that to the same degree as Austria's, etc. As for the Austrian capital, etc., the most etc., capital, etc., in, etc., the, etc., world, etc., everyone has heard the song:

"There's only one emp'ror town, there's only one Wien!"

But since the whole world is not (yet) Austrian, though perhaps the whole world ought to (and may) become Austrian, I feel my readers not universally content with the last paragraphs, by which I have perchance inadvertently affronted some South Tyroleans, Bosnians, or Galicians who are Austrian subjects against their will. Therefore desiring—as a lover of peace—to satisfy them and everyone else, I transcribe certain lines of a school poem fitting quite precisely, dear reader, your own native land. Because they would fit anybody's native land:

"Should we be false to our sacred past, our fathers' God
forgetting,
This banner would lose its lustre, our sun be nigh its
setting.
But the dawn will sooner forget the east, the tides their
ebb and flow,
Than you forget our radiant flag, and its matchless
gifts forego.
Nay, you will keep it high advanced with ever
brightening sway,
The banner whose light betokens the Lord's diviner day,
Leading the nations gloriously in freedom's holy way!"

CHAPTER III

CHURCH

Nearly everybody goes to church. During some period of the average person's life he or she visits temples of a religion. There—and otherwise—he or she derives the priestly mode of thinking in regard to the beliefs which the people of his or her sect are supposed to hold. I am speaking of Christians—as I have been throughout the foregoing pages. For I too was baptized the member of a Christian sect, frequented its services, prayed its prayers, sang its hymns, accepted its interpretations of the Scripture, and acceded in general to all the tenets promulgated by its living ministers. These, I now perceive, had chief sway over the shaping of my faith, their influences being so varied and so many as to transcend the elementary parental inculcations of doctrine, and to supersede my own attempts, which I made by reading the Bible, of searching for more knowledge. But in the course of time I commenced to scrutinize the propaganda of the church I belonged to,—the only true church,—and reached conclusions to which its pastors (and all pastors of all churches) would give the lie, just as my present views must insult parents residing at Florence (and all cities), Swiss *mademoiselles* (and all domestic governesses), Hanoverian pedagogues (and instructors at all schools), and Peruvian, Persian, Paraguayan, Porto Rican, Peloponnesian, Pernambucan,

Polynesian, Polar, pre-glacial, post-historic, and patriotic major-generals. Lutheran or Methodist, Greek Catholic or Roman Catholic, Mormon or Copt, you have allowed a church by degrees to impose a manufactured theology upon you, which you will not examine. You are much more anxious about the reliability of your cook than the truth of your Bible. Actually you get your religion from the priest: for the church is the priest.

The Christian cleric—of whatsoever sect—is not a monotheist. He worships two gods. He sets up for his professed recognition three gods, but unable to render much of an account of the Holy Spirit, even to himself, he remains inwardly content with a more practical form of polytheism—the cult of the Father and the Son. He bases his two theocracies upon two volumes, the Old Testament and the New, the printed manifestoes, as it were, of those two deities. Yet how imagine two gods less akin than Jehovah and Jesus? To judge from what the Old and New Testament respectively say of each, a frankly reasoning man could not vow homage to both.

Jesus, Prince of Peace, the Gospels seem to represent a grave and quiet man, full of utmost deep concern for his fellow mortals; a gentle soul of infinite compassion for the lowly, needy toilers of the earth, and of an exorbitant but dignified severity to their puffed-up, parasitic masters; a stern and simple genius, austere self-restrained, fanatically self-confident, and ignoring or ignorant of many important human matters—as the ways of genius often are; withal superhumanly straight and strong in concentration upon the most tremendous purpose ever dreamt: of making men so good toward each other that they should merit

eternal reward. Sublime Utopian, Jesus Christ by word and deed followed out his unprecedented aim with such inflexible consistency to such inconceivable extremes that it might be enquired whether he was divine or insane. Who but a god or a maniac, one might ask, would insist that we should keep none of the things we had so long as there were people needing them; that we should disregard our own convenience all through life; that we should spend that whole life entirely in helping others, whether they deserved our sympathy or not; that we should resent no offence, but reward a criminal injury with a forgiving smile; that if slapped in the face, rather than raise a hand against the slapper we should willingly invite him to slap again? His—divine or insane?—actualization through personal example of his own precepts of gentleness and submissiveness he crowned by allowing himself,—though he could have escaped,—to be legally executed as a malefactor on the hill of Golgotha. He perished in agony and ignominy for the sake of no fame or glory or honor, either of his or of any king or flag or country. He did this to show mankind what he meant by saying “Be ye kind one to another.” He believed utterly and ultimately in the supremacy of kindness—as he understood it—above all human qualities. The valour of his life and magnanimity of his death in defence and protection of that principle verily enthrone him a splendid fighter, an illustrious conqueror, a great and noble hero!

Jehovah, King of Carnage, invented this world, and made it in a hurry. And he seems to have done so of a sudden, with no purpose but that of exercising more power. Original, immense, and intricately complex, the scheme

came out of his single imagination, which, itself impatient and arbitrary, thus produced results of half-perfection. Mixed ugliness and beauty, benignity and cruelty, order and anarchy, seem prevailing facts of a dispensation whose keynote was caprice. Thus do we behold in the Septuagint his picture as a changeable despot. At one time he sits in serene grandeur ordaining the wisest laws of governance. At another he jumps up nervous and irritated to interfere or domineer; hectoring and haranguing, fussing and fuming, he blazes and blusters about trifles quite unworthy the excitement of an all-knowing potentate. Or with sovereign hand he bestows blessings bountiful upon the people of Israel. But though fancifully biassed in favour of his pets, he demands their unceasing admiration, adulation, adoration, for showing off grandeur which costs him nothing; moreover having boasted that he made them like himself, he will twit and tease them because of their failings, put them through all sorts of whimsical trials, and then, when they displease him, punish them for being as sinful as he tempted them to be. Fine feat of Omnipotence versus impotence! Ever vaunting his justice,—as though justice were too much to ask of him,—he will also paradoxically proclaim or exercise pardon (a thing amiable but not just). Neither does the bigness of that all-capacious mind bar strange indulgences of revenge, when the King of Carnage breaks out into frantic, raging fury, and plunges upon his enemy, burning with wild, ferocious lust for a colossal debauch of blood and torture, wrack, havoc, and destruction, striking the guilty and the innocent alike.

The would-be^v monotheistic Christian minister—or church—attempts to reconcile the Gospels with the Sep-

tuagint, and asserts that the King of Carnage and the Prince of Peace are one. While solemnly admonishing us to follow in the footsteps of the second, the priesthood devotes unbounded laudation to the doings of the first. Vanity is the same as humility. There is no difference between anger and compassion. Resignation is very similar to vengeance. If you want to be especially kind to a man, kill him—and kill his wife and children too. But lest some readers should not perceive that the Lord of Hosts, jingo, bully, lyncher, is the exact opposite of the Good Shepherd, friend, mediator, martyr, I beg them to put alongside St. Matthew's report of the life and ideas of Christ certain Heptateuchal records. From these I cull out a few events of perennial fascination to Christian preachers, who never tire of extolling their sublimity.

Joshua, that eager lieutenant of the heavenly War Lord, for six years devastated the land of the Canaanites, slaughtering them and their allies, looting and levelling their cities, and destroying "all the souls that were therein" or "all that breathed." Innocent little babies and harmless animals he did not spare; for when the walls of Jericho had fallen the invaders "went up into the city . . . and utterly destroyed all that were in the city, both man and woman, young and old, and ox and sheep and ass, with the edge of the sword." At the hand of this "distinguished type of our Redeemer," as one theologian nonsensically calls Joshua, the residents of Ai fared no better than those of Jericho. However, no concert of ram's horns blown by priests was their undoing, but a simpler miracle: "The Lord said unto Joshua, 'Stretch out the

spear that is in thy hand toward Ai, for I will give it into thy hand.' ” And the lines that conclude this chapter tell how thoroughly the Lord's will was done: “Joshua drew not his hand back, wherewith he stretched out the spear, until he had utterly destroyed all the inhabitants of Ai. Only the cattle and the spoil of that city Israel took for a prey unto themselves, according unto the word of the Lord which he commanded Joshua. And Joshua burned Ai, and made it an heap forever, even a desolation unto this day. And the King of Ai he hanged on a tree until eventide.”

Saul, under the Most High Generalissimo warring upon the Amalekites, “took Agag, their ruler, alive, and utterly destroyed all the people with the edge of the sword. But Saul spared Agag, and the best of the sheep and of the oxen and of the fatlings and of the lambs”—by which Saul disobeyed the Lord. Because the Lord had sent him, through Samuel, a different command: “Now go, and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy ALL that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass.”

Jephtha, the son of a harlot, by order of the divine Field Marshal led the Gileadites against the Ephraimites, 42,000 of whom he slew for mispronouncing “Shibboleth.”

Gideon, always under direction and protection of Israel's invisible Commander-in-Chief, accomplished butchery on a grander scale than Jephtha: he got 120,000 Midianites despatched (a number far exceeding the dead on both sides at Mukden).

King David, inheriting Saul's holy mission, devised ingenious means for wiping out the Philistines. (David was

a master of tricks: having taken Uriah's wife for his own pleasure, he artfully contrived to send Uriah to a place where death was certain). This anointed Torquemada of antiquity marched his army of saints into the country of Ammon, where, after despoiling the city of Rabbah, "he brought forth the people that were therein, and put them under saws and under harrows of iron, and under axes of iron, and made them pass through the brick kiln. And thus did he unto all the cities of the children of Ammon."

The spiritual commentator already quoted is deeply touched with the beauty of David's character: "How noted his fidelity, meekness and humility, his love for God, zeal for his honour, and devout intimacy with him. . . . the man according to his heart, who fulfils his counsels."

None of these monstrous atrocities have you or I ever heard denounced by an ecclesiastical spokesman for the Prince of Peace, but on the contrary the deeds, the perpetrators, and the "just and merciful" instigator always endorsed and commended. Should it be that the polytheistic Christian priesthood unwittingly prefers one of its two gods to the other, honouring the patriotic Emperor of Israel above the cosmopolitan criminal who was crucified? For aught their talk about the meek and gentle Jesus, those versatile clerical advocates of sweet charitableness want us to reverence the military autocracy of Jehovah, who rides on the wings of the wind, hurling hailstones, thunderbolts, yea, consuming coals of fire at his enemies, in his wrath destroying great nations and humbling haughty kings, he, the celestial Bonaparte,

reigning on high in majesty, might, power, dominion everlasting!

I wonder—and I doubt—if you good Christians have yet forgiven him whom you call your *Saviour* for not hitting back when he was struck? I have frequently cited the *non-resistance* of Christ to men and women who said they believed in his doctrines, and in all cases have they returned me a laughing question as to *whether I would really offer the other cheek*. In fact Christians are amused at that notion; they are in the habit of looking upon it as a joke. Have you ever known a Christian layman or parson to praise the bravery of the hero of Golgotha as he would the bravery of the hero of Narva or Trafalgar, of Sempach or Sebastopol? Among the *followers* of him whose hands were unstained by a single drop of human blood are there any who rate his valour as high as Ney's or Blücher's? Devout disciples of the *Lamb* pay esteem even to foreigners of the past renowned through homicidal ferocity, and murderous *pagans* like Leonidas and Alexander the Great and the swashbuckling desperadoes of the "Iliad," have I heard belauded by clergymen from the pulpit. Can you conceive your joy, if an ancient document were found which revealed that during Christ's long disappearance after his twelfth year he had not pursued carpentry but soldiery?

Ah, how hard your breast heaves, how rapidly your heart beats, how furiously your pulse throbs, how your face flames and your eyes flash, how your whole being thrills and burns with a holy fire of noble patriotic memories, the while your trembling hand involuntarily flies to your side for an imaginary sword to wave in salute at the

dashing, brilliant, gorgeous young warrior of Judea, who, proudly erect in dazzling coat of steel on his mettlesome charger, amid the acclamations of the thronging populace, the blare of brazen trumpets, and the fluttering of countless banners, enters the city under an arch of evergreens as the triumphant champion of many victories, escorted by a troop of shining horsemen, and followed by cars groaning under the weight of golden spoils of conquest and by rows of chain-laden, fierce barbarian captives! Jehovah your belligerent priesthood adores as Lord God of Battles; why therefore not at least promote his son to major-general of cavalry? Then duly modernized under sanction of the church, fancy him, no longer inferior to Blücher or to Ney or to whatever gallant commander of horse, and no longer shambling through Jerusalem in dirty old rags on a ridiculous, mangy little grey donkey, but on a big champing, foaming, snorting black stallion caracoling up the Corso or the Nevski Prospekt, the Ringstrasse, Piccadilly, or the Champs Elysées, in the uniform of a clattering, clinking, silver-spurred, aigretted, sabre-tasched hus-sar!

On account of your churchmanship, beware of listening to this writer with too much lack of prejudice. For he seems a dangerous heretic who doubts established truth, which we must honour although we have not a notion why it's truth. Moreover one who lets loose such sacrilegious blasphemy cannot but have a vile purpose. What if (masquerading under sentimental pretences as a philosophic humanitarian) he should stand discovered a sneaking missionary of Confucius? Than this nothing could be more abominable: Confucius opposed

warfare, whereas every Christian is taught from the cradle up to believe in it. The finest chapters of our Old Testament, that divinely inspired record of God's will, that imperishable historic monument to the greatness of his chosen people, ring with the clash of sword and shield and spear wielded by doughty warriors of old to glorify the name of their heavenly king! How presumptuous, aye, impious, to besmirch, to defame, those heroic soldiers of the Lord, fighting by behest of his almighty word! For the Lord our God is a jealous god; he is an avenging and a destroying god! Behold how in his inscrutable justice he visiteth his wrath most terribly upon the transgressors and upon their seed, even unto the third and fourth generation, yea, with an impartial hand upon the guilty and the innocent alike!

The church of today preaches about the universal charity and pardon enjoined by Jesus Christ the Son, but still will not renounce and reject that Bonapartist sitter on the heavenly throne, the atrocious Jehovah, right idol for the bestial savages who invaded the Promised Land of Loot some thirty-five centuries ago.

Among the early fathers of the Christian church a few unconditionally opposed war, as is known through their writings; and during three centuries there were laymen of the Nazarene cult who refused to do military service. Examples are related of converted soldiers declining further obedience, laying down their arms, and being consequently punished. For the Roman government pronounced bad citizens those who denied not only the religion of the state but the duty of helping to defend or enlarge the state. In our age also the governments demand,

or assert the right to demand, military service from able-bodied subjects. Bad eyesight might excuse one, or another might be exempted if he were the sole supporter of a widow's family; but no government, not even a Christian government, would release a man who objected: "Christ said, 'Do not kill,' therefore I believe it is wicked to shed human blood." That man would be enlisted notwithstanding, and given a rifle; if still rebellious he might be locked up. At best such a man would be regarded a traitor to his country, and not even ministers of the Gospel would take his part. And this is very well from the state's point of view; for has not one carcass the same virtue as another to fertilize imperial soil? As to the clerisy, it is now almost everywhere bound up in closest ties of friendship, if none stronger, with the secular administration.

The Tsar heads the Holy Orthodox Church, and his Council of Ministers includes the Procurator of the Holy Synod. The King of England must belong to the Church of England; bishops of that church take part at legislating in the House of Peers. Each morning a clergyman opens the Congressional proceedings at Washington with a prayer. National taxes maintain the Roman hierarchy and temples in King Alfonso's realm. In various European cabinets sits a secretary of state charged with supervision of church affairs. To many courts the Holy See accredits diplomatic Nuncios. Monarchic titles comprehend designations like *Apostolic Majesty*, *Catholic Majesty*, *Defender of the Faith*; and some sovereigns theoretically throne supreme over parliament, army, navy—and church. An investiture of rulership, royal or republican, rarely

takes place without ecclesiastic rites. Members of law-making chambers deliver religious oaths of allegiance to the state. Prayers go up from almost every sanctuary in almost every land for the preservation of the country's ruler, for divine grace upon the counsels of his advisers, for the help of the celestial legions to destroy his earthly foes. In brief: the crown woos the mitre; the crook entwines the sceptre; the temporal and spiritual controllers of a nation unite to shape pious citizens who shall be patriotic churchmen. Schoolmaster, statesman, sacerdotalist, hold together by the common adage of popular instruction: Bible, Ballot, Bullet.

The present complicity of church and state in the matter of military murder will appear to you more clearly farther on, when you shall come to copious cases of ecclesiastical incitement to national lynching in our own day. This singular churchly bloodthirstiness—so contrary to the tenets of the apostles and doctors who first preached the Nazarene dispensation—was a return to Jehovan Bonapartry set up when Constantine the Great established what he thought the Christian doctrine as state religion of the Roman Empire. Constantine's determination to impose a mechanical belief upon his people is said to have arisen from gratitude for divine aid in the defeat of his rival Maxentius, on the bank of the Tiber in 312, a fiery cross in the sky with the inscription *In hoc signo vinces* having predicted that victory. In 325 he convoked the famous council at Nice, where the assembled bishops drew up a verbal formulary of faith repeated by millions to this very day. Thereafter the pastoral hierarchy—whose chief, the Bishop of Rome, enjoyed official rank,

like the *pontifex maximus* of old—quickly conned the advantage of fraternal association with the secular government; *entente cordiale* between cross and sword rendered the extirpation of heresy the easier while increasing the church's prestige. But the temporal arrogations of Holy Church grew to such a degree that in the eighth century Charlemagne, head of the Holy Roman Empire,—a learned theologian and a military hero,—conceived himself obliged to dispute many of its decrees and keep its prelates under his authority. Nonetheless the church continued—it has not yet ceased—to catch at political power. Samuel, primate and premier, had anointed General Saul first king of Israel, in the name of the Lord had commanded his Majesty to undertake a campaign against the Amalekites, and had conveyed to the royal strategist the heavenly rebuke for not exterminating them ALL, to their babes and their sheep. The intention of Omniscience was quite plain: God ruled the world through the mouth of the church, and therefore the secular arm must assist the spiritual, if need be by force of martial means. The sword was the ally of the cross.

Yet in the Middle Ages it came to this: often was the sword the servant of the cross. Gregory VII, who went further than any of his papal predecessors, excommunicated the emperor Henry IV, of Germany, and liberated his subjects from their allegiance to him, with the sequel that the emperor made humble pilgrimage to the castle of Canossa in northern Italy, there to abjure his sinfulness and sue for absolution. Three successive winter days of the year 1077 had the emperor to stand unshod, rough-shirted, in the castle courtyard; the fourth he was admitted

to the Gregorian presence, and then upon his knees allowed to crave forgiveness, which was granted under mortifying terms. The next century Frederic I,—the barbarous Barbarossa,—after invading the Apennine peninsula and conquering Rome, found a determined adversary to reckon with: Pope Alexander III marshalled up such forcible resistance that, aided by men-at-arms fighting in the apostolic cause, the Lombard league routed utterly the Teutons at a battle near Legnano, their imperial red-bearded leader escaping from the scene of his defeat—and from the land of promised spoliation—in the dissemblance of beggar's habiliments and form. The century after, another German emperor, Frederic II, felt the effective fury of the militant pontificate through its muscular subventions to the Guelfs in their long and stressful wars against the Ghibelins. But even a verbal edict from the Vicar of Christ might be enough to prompt wholesale knockings out of eyes and teeth in good rancorous Old Testament fashion. Thus William the Bastard set sail with his Normans to chastize the defiant English under a consecrated banner sent him by Alexander II. And every schoolboy learns how for two hundred years European sovereigns, princes, and great feudal lords went forth at papal bidding to those most renowned exploits of chivalry ever chronicled in the annals of the only true religion—the glorious Crusades! Desired by Urban II, the first Crusade got actual churchly promulgation through the Council of Clermont. Then did the soldiers of the Lamb gird up their loins. Zealous combatants for clemency, they put on the shining armour of light, the breastplate of faith, the shield of hope, and the buckler of love. And

each submissive knight fastened to his side the weapon of the spirit—one end the symbol of the cross, the other a point as true as the Gospel. Thus saintlily arrayed, Templars, Hospitallers, Knights Teutonic, and other martial monks devoted to the spread of brotherly affection, set out for Palestine, and there in the name of a forgiving Saviour mercifully despatched thousands of hard-hearted unbelievers to the eternal rest. With those doings we ought to be pleased because our liberal twentieth century divines accord them credit; on the other hand they refuse to comprehend why infidel Moslems should after hundreds of years still be repaying those ancient ministrations by the massacre of Christians in the Balkan Peninsula and Asia Minor.

For my part I understand not how anyone professing to be guided by the life of Christ can admit the possibility of such a thing as *religious war*; yet you know and I know with what smiles our parents and pastors and masters have alluded to the *religious* Crusades, with what calmness to the *religious* encounters which took place after the Reformation, when it was no case of Christians killing pagans for sweet Jesus' sake—but one another. Never have I seen a single tear of sorrow, shame, or indignation glisten in a Christian eye because of the million awful unnameable crimes of torture and slaughter wantonly and cruelly inflicted on each other by men who did this although their common *Redeemer* allowed himself to be crucified for them all. I believe that I feel the lowering, bestial, inhuman abomination of those *religious* wars much more deeply than any clergyman: those fiendish butcheries—thirty years one of them endured—between Roman-

ists on one side, and on the other Lutherans, Zwinglians, Hussites, Huguenots, Calvinistic Gueux, or allied Protestants, enacted in Germany, Switzerland, Bohemia, France, Holland, or central Europe, and between Covenanters and Episcopalians in Great Britain. To those appalling debauches of purple murder—fostered and abetted by ambassadors of the Prince of Peace, but petrifying me, a wretched, hell-doomed sceptic, through the contemplation of their worse than devilish frenzy—the *religious* Persecutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seem a proper corollary of horror. I have yet to hear a Catholic from his pulpit denounce Catholic employment of rack and stake, and I still await from a Protestant preacher accusal of his own sect for retaliating on Catholics; or for tormenting Protestants of other sects. And I suppose the Holy Orthodox Church will require a few hundred years to determine whether it ought to regret the Russian persecutions of the Jews in the 20th century—or not. Judged by the New Testament there are no religious wars because all war is irreligious. But the New Testament contradicts the church, like the state a patriotic institution which favours war. The state can do no wrong, and has ever maintained a *liaison* with the church, and the once imperious mistress still smirks coquettish complaisance at that worst excrescence of state-directed devilry.

My ability to write this book owes much to a habit of making notes and memoranda, copying extracts, clipping news. I have a mass of scribblings—scenes witnessed, facts observed, ideas conceived—on either side of envelopes, the bottoms and the tops of letters, edges of theatre programmes, backs of paid accounts, on wedding

cards, circulars, invitations, brown and yellow rags of parcel paper; and I have a quantity of printed pieces and pictures, cut or torn from pamphlets, periodicals, catalogues, bluebooks, almanacs, and garnished with queries or comments. Here follow some specimens from my collection very proper for presence in this place.

St. Paul's, London. Counted monuments to nine generals and seven admirals. None to any of the twelve apostles. On walls flags used in warfare—torn and faded.

Invalides. Vauban and Turenne buried here. Napoleon's sarcophagus in separate rotunda—bloodstained flags captured in battles, hanging up. Church's altar close by. One can kneel to a double deity here: Jesus-Bonaparte.

Innsbruck. Church. Figures of knights in full armour—of course all heroes. A few more diseases in the world might have done less harm than heroism of that sort.

New statue in the Madeleine of "The Blessed Joan of Arc, Liberatrix of France." She is liberating France in full armour, with her sword raised up in both hands, ready to strike. Hands surround hilt of sword as though in prayer. It was blasphemous of the church to canonize her. So it was to canonize Louis IX for fighting in the Crusades. Why is Pasteur not canonized and his statue put in the Madeleine? Because he did not kill enough people?

New York. Wooden stand built outside church for parade—Dewey's return from Manila. Notice stuck on church wall: "Reserved tickets for sale in chapel every day from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m."

Boston. Written in chalk on bulletin board outside church: "Next Sunday at 8 p. m. Jubilee service under auspices of the Boston Peace Society. The Reverend — will deliver a patriotic address."

Prague. Saw veteran soldiers march into a church for some kind of commemoration. Veterans followed in by other soldiers—younger looking—took old flags in—band played outside while they marched in.

Patriotism is ignorance adorned with intolerance.

A church ought to be the last place for a coronation, what with the ruler's investiture with a sword to kill his enemies, all the officials and the military in uniform and wearing swords, the soldiers on guard outside with rifles, and the salutes afterwards from cannons. Nicholas II was crowned at Moscow in the Cathedral of the Assumption, Haakon VII in Trondhjem Cathedral, George V in Westminster Abbey. In each case the monarch wore a sword during the ceremony, or was presented with one, and this weaponed man had the top of his head greased with *Pomade Israel* and then a crown put on it, or else handed him for himself to put on, by the primate of the country—the chief of the state church. Is it not about time for Holy Church to kick out Saul and Constantine and Charlemagne instead of dressing their hair with Septuagintal pomatum? What those episcopal *coiffeurs* would really like would be reinstitution as *pontifices maximi*.

Anglican bishop's prayer for success in the field—2nd Boer war. "Let Thy righteous will be done, especially in South Africa at this time"—and especially if Thou happenest to be on the right side. He also says: "Restrain the evil passions of men." The only way to restrain

soldiers from fighting is to keep them at home—which does not occur to the bishop. He has a seat in the House of Peers, a palace to live in, and five thousand pounds sterling a year. *Episcopus politicus* knows what side his bread is buttered on. It's buttered on both sides—with Boer blood on one side and British on the other.

Boxer rebellion. Missionaries don't protest against looting by European soldiers. Missionaries always quick enough to ask for gunboats. *La guerre c'est la politique liée avec l'église et le commerce contre l'humanité.*

In train between Rimini and Bologna. Old Franciscan discussing Aspromonte with young officer said it was a pity that such a hero as Garibaldi should have been an enemy of the church. Civil war seems as popular as the other kind: it's better than none, and everybody is a hero who kills someone in a battle.

Press dispatch from Petersburg says imperial family attended dedication of church "built in honour of naval heroes" killed in the war with Japan. (This item is not among my notes, the event happened while I was writing this chapter. In view of the preceding note one might remark that the next best claim to heroism after killing someone in a battle is being killed in a battle by someone.)

Is this hypocrisy or lunacy? A congress of Protestant clergymen pass a resolution in favour of international arbitration and limitation of armaments. They say that "Christian nations" ought to adopt these because "war is a dreadful evil." Then they draw up another document in the form of a petition to the government. In it they complain that the fleet has not enough chaplains, and they ask that more be appointed!

Despite Bible, Zendavesta, Koran, Edda, or Rigveda, in face of atheism, deism, polytheism, or pantheism, can one know who, where, or whether God is? On the door of Christian tabernacles I read the unwritten innuendo: Stop thinking honestly of God when you come in here. In the *House of God* you will not, for instance, receive the notion that the alleged God's supposed son may have foregone marriage, domesticity, and parenthood with the aim of reserving undisturbed absorption for his presumed father's so-called business. Neither will you hear in any shrine of Borgia or any fane of Henry VIII that a man of such persuasiveness as Christ could easily have won a woman's heart and so become father of a family. Yet Holy Church is active on behalf of juvenile salvation in various peculiar ways. I leave aside the lore of gore instilled at Sunday school and Bible class, by clerics' printed tales of Septuagintal warriors, and through ecclesiastical praise of prayerful patriotic heroes such as Gustavus Adolphus, Nelson, Alba, Moltke, Godefroi de Bouillon, Makarov, Wallenstein, or Stonewall Jackson (civil war is better than none), and I consult a very modern document in the English language, at the bottom of which appear the names of two Anglican divines. One is an archdeacon, The other is a bishop. They stand signatories—with two field-m Marshals, one lieutenant-general, one ex-military member of the House of Commons, and one baronial member of the British cabinet—to a public appeal for contributions in support of the Boys' Brigade. In the words of its founder, whose father was a major and father-in-law a priest, the object of the Boys' Brigade is "The advancement of Christ's kingdom among boys." As for

the appeal, which need not here be measured forth in full, one should observe reference therein to extant "similar organizations," and I add the fact that the Boys' Brigade itself ramifies to the colonies of Canada and Australia. From this manifesto, too, one learns especially that the Boys' Brigade has long propagated:

"A great and patriotic work in training the boys of our country in discipline and patriotism, in self-reliance and good citizenship, and in all those manly virtues which we believe mean so much for the future of the Empire. . . . All through the year a systematic training, which has a marked and highly beneficial effect upon the boys, is carried on. During the winter they are thoroughly trained in military and physical drill, and all sides of boy-nature are catered for in the gymnasium, the clubroom, the company band, and the football club; and on Sundays the boys receive in the Bible-class religious instruction under the direction of the church with which the company is concerned. . . . The most important feature of the summer is the week's or ten days' camp . . . and the training they receive while under canvas is of a thorough character and of the utmost value to the nation. . . . Officers have in many cases stated that their best recruits. . . . are past members of the Boys' Brigade and similar organizations. . . . To those whose privilege it is to be able to help we confidently appeal for assistance for this patriotic and beneficent work."

The Boys' Brigade is under patronage of England's crown prince and vice-patronage of England's church primate, an educative association between secular and sacerdotal authority in some sort echoed on the other

side of the Atlantic, where a prelate said in a discourse on good citizenship: "If our young people are trained in its quieter heroisms, they will not fail when the bugle calls to war." But he was less direct than an English vicar, who had been schoolmaster and university lecturer, and who indited to the editor of a weekly periodical a communication thus beginning:

"I am a clergyman and a man of peace. A while ago I got a letter signed by the secretary of a Society of Men of Peace, asking me to exhort my rustic flock on a certain Sunday to seek peace with all nations and ensue it, and in my exhortation to condemn the practice of national preparations for war. In reply I begged my correspondent to desist from his un-Christian action of persuading our young men,—who so little need the persuasion to be self-ish,—to refuse the self-sacrifice of doing a citizen's duty in arming to protect their parents and other countrymen. And on Peace Sunday I exhorted my flock, and particularly the boys and lads, to join the militia, like Christians. . . . There is a Christian and there is an un-Christian way of doing everything, trading or sporting, studying or fighting. An un-Christian way of fighting is to pillage a neighbor's country through hate or lust of pelf or power; a Christian way is to take arms to deter an enemy from doing it. War can be waged Christianly. . . . War can be a sacrifice to the most holy causes. . . . in a work which God has given England to do upon the earth."

But let us return a moment to our other ministerial friends, the archdeacon and the bishop. The archdeacon was once court preacher and later canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, where Nelson, Wellington, and other empire

builders lie interred. The bishop had fulfilled the holy office of Chaplain General to the Forces, bearing the military rank of major-general: strange shadow of a reversion to William Longsword, Bishop of Salisbury, a thirteenth century crusading warrior who from sweet compassionateness stove in skulls and hacked out guts of Saracenic pagans. During his pastoral career the twentieth century bishop too did works of mercy for the good of heathendom. Accompanying as their spiritual shepherd the red-coated soldiers of the cross sent to convert naked negroes unashamed into gin-drinking members of the Church Reformed by Henry VIII, check-trousered customers of Manchester, loyal subjects of the Bank of England, and intelligent subscribers to the "Times," he exhorted the faithful ones to fire advancing Christian civilization into those ungodly black barbarians by means of progressively expanding British bullets. (*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*)

I had omitted the "scouting" specified as one of the summer outdoor diversions of the Boys' Brigade, and hereon I hang the reminder that also the Boy Scouts receive Bible-class instruction—how Jehovan, I am unaware. And I had not mentioned in the previous chapter that, among the numerous academies and schools of Anglo-Saxondom composed entirely or in part of pupils wearing uniform and called cadets, are to be found institutions with clergymen for principals or ushers. Indeed I know two big boarding schools for boys, each with the formal style of "Military Academy" and both avowing combination of "religious and military training," where all the pupils are clad in uniform and are supplied with rifles

and with side arms; one of the establishments is under the control of a Roman Catholic order and the directorship of a priest of that order, the other, governed by a Protestant divine, acknowledges denominational authority.

Of these various churchly persuaders of the young I have to say: any such school, or Boys' Brigade, or "similar organization" for the *advancement of Christ's kingdom* through speeding fellow mortals thither on the wings of violent death, is naught but a military pimpery of religion to imperial politics.

The case of Saul and Samuel affords an example of how the prince would be prompted to sacred savagery by the priest. The royal butchers Constantine and Charlemagne were loyal bearers of the banner (*in hoc signo vinces*) under which they practiced (upon pagan enemies) the remission of (their own) sins through the sacrifice of the cross (made by inimical pagans). Obedient to wolfish popedom, Frederic of Germany, Richard of England, and Louis of France broke into Palestine at the head of religious raiders who hoped for heathen spoils and heavenly salvation. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and Phillip of Spain, a Protestant and a Catholic monarch, fought Catholics and Protestants respectively for the sake of brotherhood and union desired by the two hierarchies. And beyond the evidence already given I will add a little more to show how in these latest days of the era of Napoleon-Christ, without regard to country and sans concern of creed, a complicity of killing still exists between church and state which belies and nullifies and makes ridiculous the conduct of the Galilean hero when "They did spit in his face, and buffeted him, and others smote him with the palms of their

hands." By no means antiquated are the views of the clerics I shall tell of; these worthies are all men of our own century, some of their doings are of recent date, and one might gather that Holy Church believes even civil warfare a state preferable to pacific quietude unending. (Perhaps good will can be overdone and peace become a nuisance.)

Upon the outbreak of a certain civil war—rather later than Cain's patriotic lynching of Abel—a youth of good birth who had intended to become clergyman enlisted as cavalryman. He took part in a famous charge, fought in several more engagements, had horses killed under him, was grazed by bullets, mentioned in his general's reports for *gallantry in action*, and promoted to a lieutenancy. Of a sudden the impulsive young man gave up his officer's commission, left the camps of war, and received spiritual ordination. No sooner consecrated than off he went to the front again as army chaplain. For his piety and bravery I have since heard him lauded by a brother of the cloth.

These harmonious souls remind me of a further couple. A bishop fond of preaching about the rulers and generals of his country received the meed of a second cleric's commendation expressed in the words: "His patriotic orations thrill like martial music in places, and cut like knives in others, while at times one hears the clash of the sabre and the rush of the cavalry charge." It seems to my iniquitous self, though such was never the avowal of those two saintly men, that what is called a *stirring patriotic oration* can usually be summed up in the one word *Kill!* Nor did a certain archbishop and his assisting priests,

who held outdoor mass to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the battle of Grunwald, confess that in exalting vengeance by the sword they derided the pardon of the cross.

A cardinal, like a king, can do no wrong, think no wrong, say no wrong. 'A cardinal it was who before a large multitude of civilians and several regiments of soldiers said this: "We are assembled to pay honour to the memory of the illustrious Samuel Champlain. . . . He was filled with the apostolic spirit, and was burning with zeal for the conversion of the aboriginal tribes of North America. . . . I am sure that all of you who are now before me are actuated by the same lofty sentiments of patriotism AND religion that burned in the breasts of Champlain and his followers. The great purpose of the famous explorer was to enlarge the dominion of his king AND to extend the Kingdom of Christ." I have made free to change his Eminence's "and" twice into "AND" so as to enforce his Eminence's signification. AND I beg his Eminence's leave to add on my own account that Champlain extended his religious mission of territorial grab without the bullets of expansion (then not invented) but with solid shot from the mouths of muzzle-loading, matchlock petronels.

I conclude with extracts from a speech made by an arch-bishop to veterans of a war in which he had been regimental chaplain. Observe that he acknowledged war to be patriotism's highest test, and that he would not urge the abolishment of war.

“To speak of patriotism is my evening’s task. An easy and gracious one it ought to be. Patriotism is personified in my audience. The honour is mine to address the country’s heroes, the country’s martyrs. At country’s call you quickly buckled your armour on, and rushing where the battle raged you offered for country’s life the life-blood of your hearts. Many of you bear upon limb and face the sacred stigmata of patriotism. Your tried hands are doubly pledged in purest unselfishness and bravest resolve to uphold in the reign of peace the loved flag which in days of war they carried over gory fields above stain or reproach. . . . Patriotism! There is magic in the word! It is bliss to repeat it. Through ages the human race has burned the incense of admiration and reverence at the shrines of patriotism. The most beautiful pages of history are those which count its deeds. . . . Heaven unites with earth in approving and blessing patriotism. Patriotism is one of earth’s highest virtues, worthy to have come down from the atmosphere of the skies. . . . The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme value. The value of patriotism to a people is above gold and precious stones, above commerce and industry, above citadels and warships. Patriotism is the vital spark of national honour; it is the fount of the nation’s prosperity, the shield of the nation’s safety. Take patriotism away, and the nation’s soul has fled; bloom and beauty have vanished from the nation’s countenance. . . . Next to God is country, and next to religion is patriotism. No praise goes beyond its deserts. It is sublime in its heroic oblation upon the field of battle. ‘Oh, glorious is he,’ exclaims in Homer

the Trojan warrior, 'who for his country falls!' . . .
I believe in the providence of God over countries as I believe in His wisdom and His love, and my patriotism to my country rises within my soul invested with the halo of my religion to my God. . . What shall I say in a brief discourse of my country's beauty, of her claims to my love and loyalty? I will pass by in silence her fields and forests, her rivers and seas, the boundless riches hidden beneath her soil and amid the rocks of her mountains, her pure and health-giving air, her transcendent wealth of nature's fairest and most precious gifts. I will not speak of the noble qualities and robust deeds of her sons, skilled in commerce and industry, valorous in war, prosperous in peace. In all these things——is opulent and great. . . . —— is the highest billow in humanity's evolution, the crowning effort of ages in the aggrandizement of man. Unless we take her in this altitude we do not comprehend her; we belittle her towering statue, and conceal the singular design of providence in her creation. —— is the country of human dignity and human liberty. . . . It is fortunate for a people that from time to time supreme emergencies arise testing its patriotism to the highest pitch. . . . We can easily imagine that a country, invincible in war, may go down to its ruin amid the luxuries and somnolence of prolonged peace. Hannibal won at Thrasymenus, but he lost the fruits of victory in the vineyards and orange groves of Campania. The days of war, many hope, are passing away for good, and arbitration is to take its place. This may be desirable, for war is terrible. Yet it is not easy to see what is to be so serviceable in electrifying the nation's patriotism and com-

municating to it an ardour which refuses during many years to dim its glow."

Some day perhaps there will be Jehovan ministers of Jesus soaring above this wicked world in Dreadnoughts of the air. Viewing such proximity to the celestial sphere, chaplains of that sort could fitly be given the English nickname for clergymen: *sky pilots*. But I have no hope that the terrestrial, naval, or aerial guides to Heaven will ever dissuade their military, marine, or atmospheric congregations from the evil passion for fighting; that they will sanctimoniously encourage them to it (at so many francs, rubles, florins, dollars, per annum) is what I shall always expect. For chaplains have not even begun simplest discountenance of warfare: by refusing their accompaniment on campaigns. Much less do they yet in times of peace urge regiments or crews to give up the vocation of carnage.

Because of this reluctance what think you of restoring to the hierarchy functions more accordant with earlier, sturdier custom? Would not Lieutenant-General Archbishop Shortshift, Field-Marshal Cardinal Cannonshot, Vice-Admiral Bishop Bigbomb, or Chief Aerial Destructor Dean Quickspeed vigorously perpetuate the heavenliest traditions of the Church of Christ Militant? Fancy this paragraph in your morning paper: The great new national air-vessel *Patria* was first flown yesterday afternoon in the presence of his Royal Highness the Crown Prince, of his Pontifical Magnificence the Arch-Chancellor, of their Apostolic Excellencies the Minister of War, the Minister of Marine, the Minister of Air, the Minister of Education,

and the Minister of Justice, of Messianic military, naval, aerial, and political officials, of Mosaic home financiers and of consecrated native manufacturers, as well as of unctuous pioneers belonging to our colonial and foreign trade missions. The Very Reverend Chief Officer of Aerial Destruction baptized and blessed the *Patria*, which carried the Right Reverend Vice-Airmiral Count Joshua Bonaparte Bloodyshirt, Bishop of Jerusalem, on wing. As the formidable yet beautiful war-bird rose toward Heaven with stately grace, a hymn of hurrahs went up with the *Patria* from the thousands of loyal, pious spectators thus voicing their religiously belligerent citizenship, etc., etc.

In the damnable good old times Christendom had men of God to show who were also minions of Satan, who filled the dual function of preparing souls for Paradise and perpetrating work of the Pit, who, holy homicides, themselves commanded soldiers in battle, and directed the slaying of fellow creatures, or with their own beatific blood-guilty hands slew fellow creatures that in their evangelical admonitions they spoke of thus: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and persecute you." We may now leave aside the mere oral provocators to the heroism of wild beasts, like that Bishop of Grenoble who urged his nephew Bayard to "be noble like your ancestors;" or Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, noted for rhetorical panegyrics on royal and military celebrities; or Martin Luther, courageous possessor of two opposite views: he thought cannons and muskets "such cruel and cursed implements that their invention must have been prompted by the devil," and he also said: "Since I reflect that war signifies defence of wife, child, hearthstone,

country, virtue, and honour, I cannot but acknowledge war a laudable means to a worthy end." For the Christian nations had spiritual shepherds enough who achieved material deeds more effective than writing or talking, whether at the cost of infidels or of brothers in belief. That episcopal pastor by name of Longsword captained a company of English knights in the eighth Crusade. Merry England's patron saint, represented as a mounted, mail-clad knight brandishing a sword, is said to have been a Cappadocian warrior of the third century. A compatriot of Luther, the monk Gottschalk, led an army in the first Crusade. Two of Barbarossa's sub-commanders, the Archbishops of Mayence and Cologne, assaulted and took the Eternal City. The Bishop of Upsala generalled the Danish forces of that town during its beleaguering by Gustavus Vasa. Under Charlemagne the paladin-priest Turpin

"Through great battles and many fine sermons
Against the pagans was at all times a champion,"

according to the "Chanson de Roland." In an English novel by Sir Walter Scott figures Peter of Amiens, the hair-shirted hermit who roved Europe raving for the Crusade in which himself took part as leader, contemporaneously with Gottschalk. Armand du Plessis de Richelieu, minister of religion and of state, conducted the siege of La Rochelle wearing pistol, sword, and spurs, and a long, white, waving plume. Cardinal Mendoza so well performed his share at conquering Granada that he was given governorship of that kingdom. Cardinal Albornozy charged steel-shirted

at the Moors in Spain, and when there were none left to kill betook himself to Italy, where he headed a host of murderous marauders who went about sacking and burning places, cutting down the male and violating the female inhabitants for the greater glory of that prelate's papal master exiled at Avignon.

Temporal power has proved an everlasting lure to the Holy Church Militant here on Earth. Down into the nineteenth century the cloth was no preventive to shouldering a gun for the honour of the kingdom and shooting it off at audacious foreigners who preferred a different kingdom. Thus the people of Lucca cherish the memory of Matteo Trenta, a priest who in 1848 fought in the ranks as a volunteer against the Austrians at Custoza. But as late as our own century a Russian chaplain has played champion, though one gathers he bore no weapons. His name was Stefan Takerbakovski. On the first of May, 1904, he was wounded at the battle of the Yalu. The Eleventh Infantry having been ordered to advance, the said cleric, after giving the men religious benediction, placed himself before the flag-bearer of the regiment. Holding his cross aloft he went into action in front of the soldiers. To the bullets whistling about him he paid no heed—until one struck him in the shoulder. Then he fell unconscious to the ground.

The article of Christian faith deducible from all these churchly exhortations and examples? It is: forgive your enemy, but kill him first. That precept the sacred fusileer of Lucca bodied forth. Let us take him for our model. He guides and he interprets: As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye NOT unto them. And let every Chris-

tian patriot follow the maxim: The other cheek lay to thy rifle.

In the appropriate purlieus of Holiest Rome it was that I framed the above adaptation from St. Matthew and St. Luke, each of whom records Christ's ordinance respecting the direction to which the other cheek should incline. One day during the *reign* of Pius X, I walked with my cousin Francesco from the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele to the Piazza di San Pietro, choosing the roundabout route of the Diocletian Baths, the Capucin Convent, and the Piazza del Popolo, in lieu of going straight through the town by way of Trajan's Column and crossing the Castel Sant' Angelo bridge. Arrived warm and thirsty at the Piazza in front of the cathedral, we sat down by a table outside a little hostelry close to the opening of that long, curved colonnade which leads to the public entrance of the Vatican Palace. Just after we had asked the waiter for our second glass of beer I observed a young priest come up and look about with some diffidence for a seat. He stopped behind Francesco for a moment, which I seized to wave him disposal of the empty chair next to mine—one of the few vacancies available. Bowing a courteous apology he accepted, and when the waiter returned with our beer, ordered a glass of the same drink. "You will enjoy the beer," I remarked to the young cleric, whose aristocratic features and bright eyes I well remember, "if you have walked as far as ourselves." "No," he replied, "I have not exactly been walking; but I am tired from looking at so many things in the museum"—with a glance towards the Vatican. He spoke in the perfect tongue of Tuscany. "You are a stranger in

Rome?" enquired Francesco. (On the way home I asked my cousin how he came to make that guess, receiving for answer another question: "Do Romans go sightseeing in Rome?") Lucca, we then learned, was the stranger's native place; and since I knew nothing but ordinary facts about Lucca except through Dante's maledictions in verse and Heine's compliments in prose, I was interested when the Lucchese launched out descriptively, historically, and politically. He seemed to be most of all delighted with the medieval fightings between Lucca and Pisa in the days of the Guelfs and the Ghibelins, and would not tarry over an account of the neighboring baths, but dwelt with pride on "the bravery of our Matteo Trenta," of whom I thus heard for the first time. (I subsequently came upon an article relating to that religious rifleman in a Florentine magazine.) The Lucchese then waxed warm as he expostulated over "the disgrace of the Austrians owning Trieste and Trent, when ours is the language spoken and even the streets and public buildings have Italian names." "But would you do as Father Trenta did, and shoulder a gun?" I queried. "No, I suppose I would not go as far as that," he responded, quickly adding: "But there is lots of patriotism left among us Tuscans, as the Austrians would see if they were to dare another attack. They would have a different army and navy to meet now! You don't believe, do you, that they could treat us again as they did at Custozza or Lissa?" "You must go to Delphi; though for my part *me non oracula certum*—you know the rest," I answered. He laughed, and lifted his shoulders. The subject of conversation then changed, and a few minutes

later our acquaintance of half an hour cordially shook hands with us, and left.

After his departure Francesco went to buy cigarettes, and I—I fell to thinking. I summoned up another Pius, a polytheistic potentate who had had a Belgian minister of war and an army of 20,000 men under a French commander-in-chief. Pius IX had yet been a political prince of the church, with 3,000,000 lay subjects populating the so-called Papal States and that band of 20,000 spiritual champions to protect the ensign of the Lamb. And they had done battle too for their flag at the Pope's behest, even as the Crusaders and the Guelfs. Only they could not kill enough of their co-religious countrymen; a Sardinian force had defeated them at Castelfidardo, and soon the temporal dominion had come to its end. The temporal dominion! Had the tenth, the ninth, the eighth, had ever a Pius, ever a pope, I wondered, honestly confronted a certain passage of the fourth chapter of St. Matthew? ("The devil took him to the summit of a high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and said to him: 'All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' Then Jesus said unto him: 'Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him alone shalt thou serve.'") No, to this day the Pope would not forego worldly pomp and power, I reflected. Pius X maintained—and his successor would maintain—that miniature army called the Swiss Guard. The world must keep aware that its pontifical sovereign is defended by weaponed men ready to avenge his honour and kill his enemies in the name of Christ. A hundred metres

from where I was they stood alert at the foot of the great stairway. They wore a uniform striped yellow, red, and dark blue, and a metal helmet with white feathers drooping round the crest. In one hand they carried a halberd, and at the belt a sheathed sword-bayonet. But they were practised at shooting also, and sometimes exchanged pike for rifle—those apostolic gladiators. And then recalling the sacred fusileer of Lucca and that handsome young preacher of God's word who had been all zeal for military carnage, I thought of Father Takerbakovski—and then of Luther—and then of Richelieu. I wondered if that French cardinal had shot enemies with his pistol, whether he had himself aimed cannons at La Rochelle, whether he had stained his own hands with human blood as some Spanish prelates had theirs. I also tried to surmise if in Italy and France and Spain and Austria, Russia, England, Germany, North America, South America, many pastors now existed who put the gospel of patriotism before the gospel of love. How many ministers of Jesus now believed it was no sin to slay foreigners? How many of them would be openly or secretly willing, in the familiar phrase, *to take up arms and fight for their country in the hour of its need?* Although Christ was unpatriotic (yes, yes, throw *Caesar's coin* at me; a single little anecdote is your chief witness against all the other testimony of Christ's evident indifference to kings and governments) the church of our age was supinely, subserviently *loyal*. In this twentieth century the state could suborn priests to consecrate military standards and pronounce Heaven's benediction upon new battleships (and why not aerial warcraft?). It could also hire priests to accompany regi-

ments or crews to war and bless the bombs which should blow foreigners into the lap of Mary. On the eve of war the clerisy would by no means caution the laity against committing covetousness, theft, and murder, and would offer up no public petitions that the country's ruler be changed to tenderness and pity, but instead would preach sermons urging the people to a bold and vigorous ancestral spirit. During war not a solitary admonition to the government to stop—oh, no, but upon each victory a vindictive *Te Deum* thanking the Giver of all Goodness for thousands of painful wounds and awful deaths, for furious rapine and insensate ruination, for the wails of infants fatherless, the grief of women widowed, the shame of maids despoiled. And after war? No syllable of censure then for the guilty politicians, no excommunication of generals or admirals, no demand for national repentance and none for the offering of redress, nay, not so much as a protest against the annexation of land or the exaction of indemnity! I had to acknowledge that the wearers of the cloth objected neither to their male kindred adopting carnage as a profession nor to their female relatives mating with carnage's professors. And I began to rack my brain for recollection of any clergyman whom I had known to say that a Christian ought not to be a soldier—when—suddenly—I heard Francesco's voice. I had not noticed his approach. He merely uttered one word: "Dreaming?" "No!" I shouted, and jumped to my feet, "not dreaming! But look at that!" I pointed to the cross flashing in the sunlight atop the holiest temple of all Christendom. "Look at that! Do you know what

that means? I'll tell you: The other cheek lay to thy rifle!"

That night I put down in brief the happenings and reflections rendered above in circumstance.

In his philanthropic habit of bestowing free medical aid Christ once cured an orderly to a Roman captain. And wont to speak by symbol, often very vague and possible of various interpretation, Christ once said: "I came not to send peace, but a sword." From the verses that follow one might well imply that he meant a sword of domestic discord which would destroy the peace of families whose members disagreed in their views relating to himself. But this single sentence and that single miracle seem sufficient—in the eyes of those who would have preferred Jesus Christ a mounted major-general, a booted, belted, epauletted, clanking, clattering, sabretasched hussar—to annul the total drift and the whole import of his gospel, which, although it does not denounce soldiery by name, as explicitly condemns all that soldiery connotes as it strictly forbids many things to which it gives no formal and absolute denomination. Does it permit arson, rape, mayhem, bribery, forgery, embezzlement, watering stock, adulterating food, selling quack medicines, buying girls for houses of ill fame—although it does not so define these evils? And if Christ came to earth again,

Would Christ become a soldier?

Would Christ enter the navy?

Would Christ wear a sword?

Would Christ lead a charge in battle?

Would Christ fire a torpedo against a ship full of living creatures?

Would Christ drop a bomb from an aeroplane upon an inhabited spot?

Would Christ shoot anyone?

Would Christ run anyone through with a bayonet?

Would Christ throw a grenade?

Would Christ set fire to a house?

Would Christ take provisions by force?

Would Christ pocket silver spoons as loot?

Would Christ do violence to a young woman?

Would Christ cut down infants?

Would Christ pray for the victory of an army?

Would Christ urge men to participate in warfare?

Would Christ fight in a duel if he were challenged?

Would Christ carry a national flag?

Would Christ sing a patriotic song?

Would Christ join a rifle association?

Would Christ show little children how to play with toy soldiers and cannons?

Would Christ teach boys to shoot at targets typifying enemies?

Would Christ say that perpetual peace was not to be desired?

CHAPTER IV

PRESS

One can be as entirely unhappy in Pachuca or Vraza as in Paris or Vienna. Moreover an Abyssinian or an Afghan toothache is fully as enjoyable as a British or a Belgian toothache. But Patria forbid that "Figaro" or "Freie Presse," "Times" or "Indépendance Belge," should make any acknowledgement so hideously seditious! For every buyer of the world's most esteemed, important, weighty, trustworthy, credible, reliable, indisputable, influential, authoritative, discerning, sagacious, enlightened, unbiassed hourly, morning, afternoon, evening, daily, weekly, fortnightly, monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, annual review, almanac, magazine, newspaper, journal, gazette—every subscriber to it, the world's most prominent periodical publication, must be aware that Abyssinia, Afghanistan, Argentina, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Bhutan, Bolivia, Brazil, Bulgaria, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Denmark, Domingo, Ecuador, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Holland, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Korea, Liberia, Luxemburg, Mexico, Monaco, Montenegro, Morocco, Nepal, Nicaragua, Norway, Oman, Panama, Paraguay, Persia, Peru, Portugal, Rumania, Russia, Salvador, Servia, Siam, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, United States of America, Uruguay, Venezuela, is the best of all countries.

Its foremost people are its soldiers, the heroes entrusted with defending the honour of their fatherland's flag. So one cannot but conclude from the periodical press. In those pages, however frequently or rarely issued, one never finds the nation's army or its navy reproached for prosecuting the most horrible of all trades. True that war in general is sometimes assailed; yet those who wage war, those who do the things which make war what it is, stand high and intangible. No matter how bloodguilty they may be or may intend becoming, no matter if they are about to start for a campaign, or have just returned from one, no matter if they are actually fighting, or manoeuvring at home, or merely doing daily drill, they always are exempt from censure. Nay, they have secured to them a certain measure of printed or depicted approbation at every season: each time in fact that they are written of, or their activities imaged by graphic art. But the nearer their practices to real belligerence, the greater the likelihood of their gaining praise, either straight or implied.

Most certain of all your compatriots to earn journalistic glory is he whose hands are reddest. The editor continues the work of the schoolmaster by ceaseless apprizzement that heroism means the effectuation of death by violence. If you are a true man you will contrive to fight in a battle. And if you cannot kill someone in a battle arrange that someone shall kill you. How is your country's honour to be saved if neither you nor its enemies die for it? What, you refuse to lay down your life for the land in which you could not help being born? Or do you mean to say that you object to killing foreigners? It is scarce to be conceived that a decent person, well brought up by re-

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spectable religious parents, should have such notions. Much less could I imagine an individual so reared to view foreigners as friends instead of enemies. Least of all would I dream of your believing an alien nation equal to this, God's chosen people. An atheist might be thus perverted. The only individuals as dangerous as atheists are Jews, socialists, and freemasons, unless one excepts Protestants, or else Catholics. Surely you will never become an un-Christian scoundrel thinking foreigners as good as yourself and preferring not to hurt them! Moreover you must be aware that the best way of proving how well you love your country is to kill citizens of another.

Few chances to promulgate this doctrine does the press let slip. All your adult days, my sleepy Jean, Giovanni, Johann, have you been lolling over criticisms of military manoeuvres, descriptions of naval parades, lists of new promotions, accounts of veterans' celebrations, estimates for defensive budgets, reasonings on colonial acquisition, articles galore like these:

The State of our National Defences.

The Eastern Question.

Are We Prepared for War?

Medals for Gallantry in Action.

Torpedo or Ironclad?

The Value of Mobility in Modern Warfare.

A Plea for the Fast Cruiser.

New Fighting Formations.

Balloon versus Battleship.

The Automobile as a Factor in War.

Whither are we Drifting?

Some Lessons of the Late War.
Furniture for Soldiers' Barracks.
The General Staff of the Army.
Our Need of First Class Battleships.
Long Range Field Ordnance.
The Next European War.
Favouritism in the Navy.
Is the Submarine a Success?
Wanted, a New Infantry Rifle.
The Aerial Warfare of the Future.

But why, my lazy Ivan, Juan, John, just as Jean, Giovanni, Johann, have you never wakened to the fact that all those articles were meant for somebody? Could you be roused from your somnolent torpor of ponderous, hippopotamic moral floppishness, you might divine that articles of that sort in newspapers and magazines aim neither at converting white mice from vegetarianism to whist nor at instructing onions how to smell like roses. And if thus quickened perhaps you would also guess for whose eyes published pictures are intended—illustrated news of the world's *progress*:

The Naval Review at Brest.
Generals of the Reorganized Chinese Army.
Feats of Italian Cavalry Officers.
Impregnable Port Arthur.
An Elephant Battery in the Himalayas.
Japanese Field Telephone Corps at Work.
American Target-Shooting at Sea.
Cossacks of the Don.

The Recent Manoeuvres off Cape Saint Vincent.
Switzerland's Agile Military Bicyclists.
Athletic Sports of Scottish Highlanders.
Horsemen of the Sahara.
The Dry Dock at Esquimault.
Kronstadt.
Types of Abyssinian Warriors.
A French Aviation Detachment.
German Soldiers Training Dogs for Active Service.
The Trieste Arsenal.
Officers of the Sultan's Bodyguard.
Powerful Fortifications of the Panama Canal.
Swedish Infantry at Practice on Ski.
Brazil's Latest Swift Cruiser.
An Artillery March in the Pyrenees.
Servia's New Minister of War.

Typical mode to spur ambition for the dripping crimson
bays of gory glory!

And here another kind of incitement, intended not for
mice or onions but for unreflective, gullible, unremon-
strant, taxable victims of conceited cock-a-doodle-do—
characteristic sentences such as might be gleamed from
any *powerful* nation's press:

No one doubts that WE lead the world in civilization.
OURS is an excellent system of government. OUR
present ruler compels universal respect. OUR flag is
honoured in the remotest corners of the earth, for it is
known that WE are not easily trifled with. WE are fair
in all OUR dealings with foreign nations. Other nations
are jealous of US. The traditions of OUR country are

glorious in the arts of peace and war. OUR soldiers are the finest fighters in the world. Man for man, and ship for ship, OUR navy is superior to any other. OURS is a nation of born fighters. OUR history forms a proud record of splendid prowess in arms. Let the rest of the world look at OUR example. WE are just, WE are pacific, WE are magnanimous. WE never cast envious glances at territory not belonging to US. WE never show jealousy of foreign achievement. WE have nothing to reproach OURSELVES with. Secure in the protection of the Almighty and in the strength of OUR brave army, WE calmly face the future. OUR statesmen are wise and moderate, they always hearken to the counsels of diplomacy, and OUR national honour is safe in their keeping. WE are slow to wrath. WE are lovers of concord, but like OUR glorious forefathers WE are ever ready to fight for OUR just rights.

Sometimes does one come upon leading misleading articles that flute a dove-like, dulcet, soothing melody of peace. This kind of composition is newer, rarer, and no more worth listening to than the brazen gasconade of journalistic chanticleer. Yet I know the phrases by heart, and I will rehearse them to you in one condensed paragraph:

Who has not often revolted against the arbitrament of the sword, expressing itself in the grim savagery of warfare? It is a thing which our better sense condemns as a barbarous practise, as inhuman and inconsistent with the Christian religion, and as a terrible evil which ought to be done away with. Yes, war is a foul stain, a hideous blot, upon the fair name of modern civilization; international

differences could and should be settled by less brutal methods. Besides, war is demoralizing, for it breeds a spirit of lawlessness and unsettles public confidence. Disastrous to a country's commercial life, war frequently has a serious effect upon a nation's credit. Even for a rich people the strain of taxation incident to a long and expensive campaign is very onerous, while a poor nation may find its treasury depleted, its resources drained, and ruin staring it in the face. War is always as costly as it is bloody, and nothing is more regrettable than when two nations come to blows over a difference which might have been amicably adjusted. Of course one hopes that some day saner methods will prevail; in any case, the arts of diplomacy should always be exhausted before recourse to arms takes place. Meanwhile, every attempt to mitigate the horrors of warfare, or to extend the principle of arbitration, must be applauded as a step in the right direction. The demon war is the scourge of the nations!

Were the periodical press bent upon true promulgation of peace, strict abolition of war, then would one observe a smaller deference for the patriotic sentiment, genitor of homicidal mania. But newspapers, gazettes, reviews, dread nothing more than to appear unpatriotic. Even those leaning farthest away from bellicosity take the precaution to offer only academic opposition when increased armament is mooted, and they never dispute the adage *To insure peace prepare for war*. Not one of them demands reduced armament except by foreign countries; or declaims against its own nation's quarrelsome, treacherous, greedy character; or declares its own nation's military and naval

men pitiable predestined criminals; or denounces its own nation's heroic prowess in arms as loathsome savagery. All that would be unpatriotic—and therefore unprintable, however progressive, enlightened, and humane. If so stands the case when the *political horizon* looks clear and no *war-cloud* threatens, what do the pressmen say in times of national embroilment? Then there is no limit to the most colossally monstrous fanatical malice and lying. The better the patriot, the worse the poison spurting from his pen. In fact a good journalist *who knows his trade* is then able to discharge such ramping, ranting, frantic farrago that if confronted with it a few years later he will laugh at his own stupendous foolery. From quoting the wildest sort of journalistic tirades,—called *chauviniste* in French, and in English *jingo*,—since I have preserved none, I must beg dispensation. The most emphatic specimens I shall exhibit belong to a class which in German would be designated *stramm*.

An accredited (and unnecessary) obsession of the press is to prepare for war by inventing it, or at least by heralding its close approach. I remember war to have been thus imminent, during my own adult days, between Austria and Italy, Italy and the United States, the United States and England, the United States and Japan, France and England, France and Germany, Germany and England, Germany and Spain, Russia and Germany, Russia and Austria, Russia and Bulgaria, Russia and England (at least five times), Norway and Sweden, Chile and Argentina, without one of those threatening encounters actually exploding into patriotic massacre. And may be other glorious national raids were foreseen. I recollect also how

prediction of an international lynching picnic would be made in a blithe and buoyant style befitting that kind of sprightly, frolicsome festivity. And never—but now the custom is passing out of vogue—would the inventive scrivener let a pair of countries engage in single lynchery, but would provide each with a congenial ally or two despite the well known circumstance that this last half century federation for the scarlet carnival has been exceptional.

Since my youth also the habit has grown of ostensible disparagement of the native capacity for slaughter and simultaneous homage to the foreign, offset by vain-glorious cock-a-doodle-do:

“We shall have to face the fact that — is determined in the course of the next ten or fifteen years to produce a fleet of battleships equal, if not indeed superior to our own, and that this determination has been come to by a nation more populous than our own, and quite as rich, quite as capable, quite as energetic, and with a capacity for seamanship hardly inferior to ours, and a capacity for discipline and organization probably superior. . . . Our handicap at present consists in the possession of ships which, though they are good ships now, and may remain good ships for another seven or eight years, must in the end, and owing to natural causes, disappear. . . . That the prospect is a hard and disagreeable one it would be absurd to deny. . . . We must not be thought to give encouragement to the notion that we have in any way begin to decline as one of the Powers of the world. We are not among those who think that the nation has suffered in its moral health, or that we are worse from that point of

view than our forefathers. On the contrary, we believe that the nation was never better in this respect, and that there never was a larger proportion of the population anxious to do right, and to act in accordance with what it believes to be the will of God. And we doubt whether there ever was a time when our people were more sincerely patriotic. . . . There are no men on the face of the globe so resolute, so brave, so self-sacrificing, and therefore so likely to be successful in war."

Similar administration of cant with cock-a-doodle-do is not so rare that the above nostrum's date and origin need be revealed. On every soil hypocrisy plays pander to patriotism. Heaven intended Manchuria for an appanage to Holy Russia, when it was decreed that the sons of Nippon should give check to Tsardom, and should then establish the protection of their celestial Mikado over the adjacent empire of Korea. The same Manifest Destiny that had bequeathed Porto Rico and the Philippines upon his Catholic Majesty transferred those islands to the guardianship of the nation whose motto runs "In God we Trust." Under aid of the Lord of Hosts the prayerful Boers acquired a rich African tract, from whose rulership they were driven by the "righteous will" of Anglican Jehovah. "God's soldier" stood sentinel over Alsace-Lorraine until marched off by the "God of the Germans" at the pious persuasion of Marshal Moltke.

Here is a remark—by an editor squinting at his halo—totally relevant to none of those cases but somewhat apposite to them all: "What a strange destiny it is which compels us against our will to invade a country whose wish

is seclusion, and with which we have only an indirect quarrel."

But the following paragraph also deserves citation because of the sanctimony of an ogre that bulges therefrom: "The deterioration of national fibre engendered by the worship of material things and by the absence of the purging fires of war . . . while this weakness masquerades under the cloak of benevolence and humane feeling, it is usually due to ignorance, actual cowardice, and the absence of all ideals that make for strength."

And I have kept a typical article consecrating youth's retention in the propensities of Cain.

"We should all unite in an effort to bring about general instruction in the use of the rifle in all our boys' schools, and encourage the maintenance in all our boys' high-schools and colleges of military organizations. . . . The encouragement of schoolboys in the use of the rifle on official ranges and under competent instruction is of vast importance to the nation. . . . Much as we all desire peace, and wish by all honourable means to avoid war, war will come, and we owe it to our country to take such steps as will insure reasonable preparedness. . . . Preparation for war is the strongest of the influences for maintaining peace. There is nothing more ill-advised, far-fetched, or tending to jeopardize more our safety as a nation and our progress as a people than the general tendency which exists among a certain well-meaning, but entirely ill-advised class of people, and is manifested in proclaiming that education in military exercises fills children with warlike ideas and makes war more probable.

Such teaching is not only absurd but is a menace to our national safety. Instruction in the use of arms, the rifle above all others, when given for the purpose indicated, and preparation for efficient service in the defence of the country or her interests, will give to every normal boy a healthy and proper idea of his responsibility as a citizen."

I remember seeing at a Boulogne railway news-stall, a dozen years ago, the coloured picture of a cavalry charge at Waterloo. This picture was the chiefest jewel of the special edition enshrining it—the Christmas edition. I am tempted to write "the Christmas edition, of course," for I have long left off expecting anything but topsy-turvy grotesquery from a press leading civilization *à la* Jesus-Bonaparte. Somewhere in Austria—likewise at a railroad booth—I once bought a comic weekly which had this ironical drawing: A uniformed general stood by a huge cannon, upon which perched a dove that was eating out of a bowl in the general's hands. The dove bore the inscription "Peace," the bowl was labelled "Manoeuvres," and parallel to the tremendous Titan of artillery ran the letters "P-A-T-R-I-O-T-I-S-M." It would seem that to abominate war with all the highest, hottest fire of a burning indignation against the most damnable of beastly crimes,—sponsored by felonious politicians, encouraged by callous pressmen, sanctified by double-dealing preachers, lauded by mediæval pedagogues, implanted by reckless parents,—that so to loathe this hideously devilish, a hundred-fold accursed, hell-born delirium of frenzied cruelty, that to feel or think in such a manner is not only to be set down ill-advised, ignorant, abnormal, weak, and cowardly,

irresolute and irreligious, materialistic and deteriorating, unprogressive, unhealthy, unworthy, and unjust, but is also to be reckoned contemptibly ridiculous! Yet overtopping even all this vileness mountained up in one there looms a single exaggerated Golgotha of supreme, abandoned infamy: to be unpatriotic. To be unpatriotic is the worst of the immoralities, and therefore let us make peace cheap at any price.

Imagine, respected and respectable lady, you, so well born and well-bred, you, delicate, intelligent, and tender-hearted, you, Madam, who adore your country's flag and worship Jesus, you, who want your little son to be a Christian hero, imagine your dainty hands engaged upon folding a newspaper to make a general's cocked hat for your precious darling. Conceive too your solicitous and loving eye to fall on such phrases as: An unendurable stench from rotting corpses—Ramming their fingers into one another's eyes, and burying their teeth in each other's throats—Patches of caked blood covered the uniform—A long boot containing part of a cavalryman's leg—Bodies of dead and wounded piled up together for breastworks—An arm would rise feebly from the ground, where hundreds of wounded had lain alive for days—Gangrened ulcers impossible to look at—Face downward in a horse's droppings, the back of his head smashed open by a rifle butt—A starving dog tugged out the young sergeant's entrails—She was shrieking distractedly over her ripped-up baby, whose blood spattered the floor—A young girl found naked and unconscious in a barn, her clothes partly torn and partly cut off—Festering wounds clotted with filth and crawling with nauseous vermin—Yells of agony not to be described.

Fancy but your contemplation of such matters on mere paper, only in print, without so much as a picture to make one of them seem visually real. Then if simple words, inanimate, rigid, inexpansive syllables without pulse or palpitation, void of breath or substance, wanting faculties or sensibilities or any attributes of life, if even words, referring briefly to a single conflict between two nations, dismay or shock you, how could you endure actually seeing such things as they may yet be subject to upon whom the furies of all the wars of all the nations of all coming times shall fall?

Would therefore that I could record more actualities of modern warfare than I am able. My notes concerning facts of *civilized* encounter are scanty, and derive not from my local perception or immediate observance but from talk with ex-soldiers and war correspondents, private letters, and journalistic articles or despatches. Yet that little evidence validates my fragmentary phrases two pages back, and enforces the awfulness of contemporary martial carnage. I descant not, neither do I criticize; my only aim is to transcribe in essence exactly what I was told or what I read.

During the Boxer war of 1900 a Russian general ordered extermination of the Chinese inhabitants of Blagoveschensk. That Siberian border town was surrounded, and the Chinese population set upon with sword and bayonet, regardless of age or sex; those escaping were pursued to the bank of the Amur, driven into the water, and shot at if they swam—otherwise they sank. Similar executions took place in the neighboring districts of the Amur. "In the region of Blagoveschensk about 12,000 corpses encum-

bered the river, a great number of them being women and children. Navigation was all but impossible. Last week a boat had to plough its way through a tangled mass of corpses lashed together by their pigtails. In the curves of the stream were dark, putrid, smelling masses of human flesh and bone, surging and swaying in the steamer's wake and wash. From Blagoveschensk to Aigun the bank was once dotted with villages containing a thriving, industrious population of 100,000; Aigun's was 20,000. No one will ever know how many of these perished by shot, sword, and stream. Not a village is left. The silence of death was all about and on the right the smoking ruins of Aigun, with broken, crumbling walls and battered, roofless houses."

In that international campaign against the Boxers, which drew no protest from European missionaries, German commanders too showed aversion to giving quarter. On a certain occasion the death of a sentinel was avenged by bayonetting seventy-four of the enemy captured in the pursuit succeeding the offence. Another event was the shooting of sixty-eight prisoners who had first been made to dig their own graves. "No quarter" was frequently the order to Germany's soldiers in expeditions against natives of Southeast and Southwest Africa at the beginning of the twentieth century, and if this order was given with reference to attack upon a so-called "unruly" village, then neither females nor infants would be spared. The same sort of treatment as this was meted out in the Boxer war to Chinese resisters of French troops, who besides razing native settlements to the ground would take by force provisions they required or "loot" ornaments they coveted. "We had set fire to a village," wrote a

French infantryman; "some of the houses were already in flames and the rest we began to plunder. In one of the huts my comrades and I had the good luck to discover a pretty young girl. A couple of us seized her with the intention of enjoying her, but the mother managed to tear the girl away from us, and the two ran to the other end of the village, and threw themselves into the flames." A war correspondent found two Chinese ladies of high social station lying at the bottom of a wall with their ankles broken. He elicited that they had jumped from the top in their fear of being violated by some foreign soldiers. After having the ladies cared for and got a description of their assailants' uniform, he went to the colonel of the men's regiment; he received this answer: "Ah, indeed? But that is very regrettable—yes, very regrettable, I assure you. Only you must know, my good friend, you ought to understand, that the gallantry of the French soldier cannot be restrained!" Infantrymen of Nicholas II, who threw Chinese infants up into the air, and caught them on their bayonets—them Queen Victoria's soldiers had anticipated by almost half a century. This is what a veteran of the Indian Mutiny said: "For three or four days before we reached Lucknow we were given any quantity of rum. By the time we got there the men were half crazed with it, and I was just as crazy as the rest. I remember how a native woman went down before me on her knees, holding up a child in front of her with both hands, and how I jerked out my sword, threw the child up into the air, and caught it on the sword, and then slashed away at the mother. I remember what a savage delight it gave me. The men were all just like wild beasts. They

had a great time tying the priests in front of the cannons and blowing them into a thousand pieces. They enjoyed that tremendously."

Years later, under the same British sovereign, military expeditions were undertaken in Natal against "rebellious" Zulus who would not pay taxes. They generally fled at the approach of the Englishmen, who cut or shot them down without argument, also burning their kraals, laying their crops waste, and driving off their cattle. The "re-concentration" of the second Boer war, *i. e.*, the universal destruction of farms which compelled the residents to leave them and to concentrate in a few places where they could easily be watched, had been forestalled by the Spaniards in Cuba, where, besides, summary garroting of "insurgent" natives was practised on a large scale. One who had seen battle in the Transvaal spoke of "those poor fellows lying on the ground with their teeth clenched and their faces distorted in the agonies of death"—a description applicable to victims on either side. Prior to the second Boer war the English were occupied with subduing the Dervishes of the Sudan, where the English commander-in-chief followed the system of avoiding the taking of prisoners; by killing as many as possible of the enemy the double object was effected of spreading fear of British power and of having a minimum of captives to guard and feed. Thus at the decisive battle of Omdurman thirty times more men were killed or wounded on the Dervish side than on the victors', who, not content with defeating their opponents, afterwards went on inflicting superfluous death.

Colonial warfare is oftentimes waged to establish or

assist commercial enterprise in a far country. When able to lean on armed support by his nation, a trader can demand unfairly low terms for the sale of valuable lands to him, or for the right to operate or exploit a profitable industry; he can then also force unpaid or very slightly rewarded manual labour from the native population. Rubber was gathered in forests of the Belgian Congo district under military coercion. Each tribal community residing within the geographical boundaries of a "concession" had to contribute a certain quantity of labour for this purpose, and if a community "revolted"—*i. e.* was unwilling or slack—a "punitive expedition" would proceed against the offenders, burning down huts, severing hands, killing all who resisted. A series of "punitive expeditions" maintained a reign of terror as successful from the military standpoint as it was lucrative from the commercial. Obliging a man to swallow water by putting his head under a spout, giving him the bastinado, or holding a lighted piece of wood near the soles of his feet—these means did the North American army of "pacification" adopt when Filipino "rebels" would not talk. And in the same campaign it happened once at least that victorious American troops, after storming a Filipino position, spared neither the women nor the children in the general decimation to which they then resorted.

During the second siege of Port Arthur, when it was defended by the Russians, Japanese soldiers used the bodies of their dead and wounded comrades indiscriminately for throwing up hasty entrenchments. At that siege whole Japanese squads, companies, battalions, were ordered to charge into sure extermination. The wounded

could often not be rescued by the hospital corps even after dark, as the slopes in front of the fortress would be illuminated by hostile searchlights, so that innumerable subjects of the Mikado lay in the open for days, suffering all the agonies of pain and thirst and the hideous certainty of a lingering death. Meanwhile Russian sharpshooters were on the alert to pick off any Japanese wounded who betrayed life, this with the object of rendering approach difficult because of the smell of putrifying human flesh. But at times the wind blew the wrong way. "Japanese dead have been lying on the slopes for several weeks unburied, and the stench in Port Arthur, from decomposing corpses, becomes almost unendurable when the wind takes it in that direction. Occasionally Russian outposts stationed near decaying bodies have to wear handkerchiefs saturated with camphor over their noses." In that war between Russia and Japan was justified the definition of an Englishman who had taken part in a campaign against the Basutos, and who declared in answer to a query: "A hand-to-hand fight? Why, it's nothing but a vulgar, brutal scuffle." For it occurred that men in the service of the two opposing empires stopped even clubbing one another with the butts of their rifles, and fought literally tooth and nail, also using their fingers to tear out hair and poke out eyes.

Concerning the battle of Liao-Yang, where the casualties on both sides mounted up to 30,000, one journalist exulted: "The fighting was glorious!" Another journalist, who witnessed the investment and surrender of Port Arthur, thus expressed his pleasure over a conflict which had cost the assailers nearly half their number in dead and wounded

and the defenders a yet larger ratio of killed, disabled, and diseased (a total, one may estimate, of 100,000 men injured finally or for a time): "That this fortress should have been taken by assault entitles the Japanese operations to rank with the finest work done by any army in any age." The Russian and Japanese chiefs inside and outside Port Arthur he declared "two great men." And a book which he published describing the siege he entitled "Port Arthur: A Monster Heroism." He ought to have said "A Monster Barbarism."

But the pressmen, though they next to the combatants themselves have the nearest chance of knowing the worst details proper to international bouts of bloodiness, yet attribute a marvellous excellence to the warrior and his craft. No trade receives such journalistic free advertisement by text and picture, and no professionals are so consistently apotheosized in print. The actor, the financier, the parliamentarian, scientist, musician, poet, railway manager, may be abused or criticized or slandered, pecked at, heckled, bullied, or reviled, grilled, ridiculed, or rhetorically ostracized and chucked into the mud. The killer stands upon a spotless pedestal of honour adorned with laurel wreaths and draped with flags. Our schoolmasters warned us against finding good in foreigners of any sort—except Napoleon. The press is more generous; it fosters admiration of the whole military and naval fighting class of all the world. Eloquently though warfare be deplored, sententiously though disparaged, tremendously though damned, every score against it must by the rule of journalistic etiquette be counterbalanced. And so one is accustomed to read that, though universal arbitration of

international disputes would seem a humaner, saner method than their settlement by blood and fire, still, *the world is not yet ready for such a change, or it is as yet too soon to advocate the abolition of armies and navies*, or, rendering a specific editorial dictum, "We have the greatest possible sympathy with the cause of international arbitration, so long as it is kept within reasonable limits."

Yes, despite such monster barbarisms as the preceding pages enumerate in mere souless words,—that cannot impart an inkling of how it hurts a fellow man to have a single finger torn off by a bullet, suffer a solitary bayonet stab in the thigh, or go without food or drink four and twenty hours, the indescribable, almost unimaginable reality of the monster barbarisms notwithstanding, the messieurs who lead, enlighten, and instruct public opinion conspire to retard the end of interhuman slaughter. For that we are not ready yet; therefore avoid we becoming so too soon. Radical reform is dangerous; one can get too much of a good thing—as for instance peace. Be moderate; don't aim at too great perfection. Allow civilization to come slowly; progress should not be forced. Above all we must be practical; for tragic mistakes have arisen from delusion through sentiment, one of whose most treacherous forms is a weak humanitarianism, seductive by its very mildness. Woe to the nation which should yield to it! Luckily a safe antidote exists: the surest remedy for humanitarianism is patriotism.

By way of diversion I will now make a few remarks on what a young Canadian lady once said to me. She and I were of a small picnic party, driving out in a break one summer's day from Peterboro—where she was born, and

had always lived—to a pleasant little lake in the neighbourhood of that Ontario town. We sat side by side, and naturally enough, soon after leaving the streets and emerging into the open country, our conversation turned to the subject of excursioning—and then of journeying. My young companion—a pretty girl she was of perhaps twenty-five, afflicted with a slight deafness—told me that the previous summer she had gone to Europe for the first time, and that she had seen Glasgow, Brussels, and Paris. “But after all,” she declared, “I think there is no place like Peterboro.” This inclusive comment made the deeper impression upon me through the deliberate stress and emphasis—peculiar to persons hard of hearing—which she gave to her words. And there were further incidents to mark this conversation in my mind: the girl’s elder sister had married two days before the picnic, and had started with her husband across the breadth of British North America to Vancouver, whence he had come for his bride. Lest it be thought that I frivolously despise marriage because I stick it down as insignificant bric-a-brac after a picnic, I assure you that in my belief a wedding may be just as momentous as an excursion. However there is no formula in algebra to determine the proper precedence ($= x$), given one marriage and one picnic. In this case the espousals were first in chronologic order, which I happen to recollect because I witnessed the ceremony. If I have mentioned the hymeneal hypenation second I probably enjoyed the rural ramble most. Which is by no means to assert that one cannot feel as well off in white gloves as in white trousers, in kid as in canvas, in Peterboro as in Peterboro, Peterboro, or Peterboro. (The Province of

Ontario, the State of New York, the State of New Hampshire, and the County of Northamptonshire each has a Peterboro). Peterboro (Ontario) gives its name to a certain sort of canoe manufactured there and elsewhere. I paddled a sixteen foot basswood "Peterboro" canoe on the occasion of the aforesaid picnic. But I have paddled as good canoes of Ontario make from Kingston and from Brockville builders, though I by no means affirm a basswood, a cedar, or a birchbark canoe equally suitable for all waters, and am content to leave the competing claims of the Rideau waterway, the Muskoka Lakes, and the Thousand Islands unsettled, though each extolled by Canadian canoeists as beyond compare.

As for the English Peterboro, I am not likely to forget its renowned cathedral, since I overslept in a pew there while waiting for the departure of my train. If the cushions are sufficiently soft you can sleep as well in a Peterboro canoe as in a Peterboro cathedral. They told me at the English Peterboro how magnificent their cathedral was, ignoring that at Durham. At Cologne I heard not a word in praise of the Strassburg, nor at Venice of the Siena cathedral, and I presume that the people of Rouen or Burgos feel no curiosity about the cathedral of Amiens or Seville. Pisans seem satisfied to remain uninformed concerning the leaning tower of Saragossa; an Athenian one may easily suppose to vaunt the Caryatides of the Erechtheum without comparison to the analogous stone figures that belong to a cave temple on the island of Elephanta, off Bombay. India I have never travelled, yet doubt not that the inhabitant of Delhi, Agra, or Rangoon would pay his supreme tribute of laudation to mosque (Jumma

Musjid), mausoleum (Taj Mahal), or pagoda (Shway Dagon) respectively, whether he had seen all three of those religious edifices, or only two, or just one—or none. For my part, I think, after all, there is no place like Peterboro. I mean Peterboro, Peterboro, Peterboro, or Peterboro.

I remember the pictorial representation of a thoroughfare alleged "The Chief Street of Europe." You will guess at once whether it was Calle de Alcala, Champs Elysées, Corso, Nevski Prospekt, Piccadilly, Ringstrasse, or Unter den Linden. With equal quickness, should you happen to reside in one of the cities to be named, will you choose among those I shall now designate. My occasion is another journalistic photograph, that of a theatrical interior,—taken during a gala performance with stage and auditorium,—which bore the explicative legend "The World's Capital Applauds." Make your choice then between Athens, Berlin, Constantinople, London, Madrid, New York, Paris, Peking, Petersburg, Rome, Tokio, and Vienna. Whichever you name, you will certainly determine right. My own opinion what town should be acknowledged the world's capital is too prejudiced, because I have seen the world's capital in so many places. Relying on accurate information gathered at the spot, I am convinced that the world's capital stands not only on the Seine but on the Spree, and on the Thames as well as on the Tiber. In fact my travels have persuaded me—well—I must not dissemble longer—I confess at last—I really think—yes, I am quite sure—that after all there is no place like Peterboro.

While sojourning on a friend's estate in Bohemia—not

Peterboro, alas!—I received a London weekly paper from Frank, my faithful, effective seconder at the present collection of testimony against the breeders of military hyenas, naval sharks, and aerial vultures. The hebdomadal gazette I speak of contained the following animadversions upon war:

“The sixth commandment is the only one in which a breach becomes more pardonable in proportion to the number engaged in committing it. The more people conspire to break that commandment, the more easily they are forgiven; until, when a certain degree of complicity has been passed, their deed becomes not merely venial, but glorious. ‘Thou shalt not kill;’ but let a thousand or two go killing, and their action passes from murder into war. . . . As to the causes of all this slaughter, the average murderer’s motives appear rational and respectable in comparison. Time is thought to increase man’s wisdom, but as we turn the records even of recent centuries, what insanity the avowed origins of war suggest! Spanish Successions, Austrian Successions, Renunciations, Pragmatic Sanctions, Archduke This against Elector That—as though it mattered to the men who died which in a line of fools ruled over them! A suburban garden would be better reason for contest than the claims of half-imbecile kings, to which thousands on thousands have been sacrificed. Take the killed alone in the war between the two most civilized countries of Europe only forty years ago. The German killed numbered 28,000, the French 156,000. Large numbers of those dead might be living at this moment if Bismarck had not deliberately garbled

a telegram. In a moment of meditative retrospect he said that he had made it all right with God. One is glad to hear it, for the deed called for some rectification. But what are now the feelings of the archdukes and other courtiers of the Tsar when they think of the dead round Mukden, and remember those timber concessions on the Yalu which made them clamor for the war? Cain, who did the first murder, was more justified than they."

I am sure I could have passed off these lines upon you as my own, so nearly must you find them to express my views; moreover I should have been qualified through my facility in English, which I write as though it were my native language. I even acknowledge a certain kinship between the outward colour of those lines and the hue of my own thought. But their author is a journalist, and I am none, and hence though my book every moment condemns war, you may expect his paper to rail thereat or praise it as strategy seems to prompt. The one thing no paper in the world will do is to give war lasting and sincere, absolute discountenance or candid and perpetual, complete endorsement. Not long had I to wait for answer to this rule by the London periodical just quoted, because after a lapse of five weeks there appeared in that self-same journal the piece from which I shall now extract some sentences. Observe too, if you please, that like its predecessor it was no *signed contribution* but an *editorial article*—this account of a field-marshal's inspection of war veterans and his address to them.

"The scene was as British as a patriot could desire.
. . . On the lawn of a country house, just outside the

country town, the great people of the county, and some of the great people of the nation, had gathered. They stood in groups of quiet men and well-dressed women, and there was a tent for tea. But this was no mere garden party. In the paddock beyond the railings the public of the town and country-side crowded gazing, and they gazed most at the single figures or inevitable grouping of officers in uniforms so seldom seen—officers with famous names in war. Happy was the man who could point them out and affix the victories, even incorrectly, to each while the people gazed. . . . It was a British scene, but military, and presently the veterans, for whose sake all had gathered there, began to arrive. By companies and battalions they came, as the trains brought them up from all the towns and many of the villages in the beautiful country. Marching in fours they came—ordinary looking men in the common coats and trousers, the cloth caps or felt hats, of townsmen, laborers, grooms, and so on. Ordinary-looking men, but how they marched! Heads up, shoulders back, feet in step, the left down to the throb of the drum, smart as on an anvil. And how those common coats were illuminated by flashes of ribbon on the breast! . . . There they stood and waited till, followed by those officers with famous names, the most famous and best-beloved soldier of the country appeared, and the veteran officers, bringing their walking-sticks or umbrellas smartly to the 'carry' as swords, called the companies to attention while the little Field-Marshal inspected front and rear ranks, man by man. . . . This little old figure in the grey coat was the very same man who had known Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore in the terrible

days long before most of the people on the meadow were born; who had known Abyssinia and Afghanistan and Burma, and had found the way to Bloemfontein when others failed. There was a simplicity about it such as Caesar might have shown, if he had lived to be so old, and had been called upon to address the veterans of the Tenth Legion. . . . If you had skimmed England, you could not have found a more truly British scene than that parade of veterans."

Only five weeks, and the slaughter in comparison with whose motives the average murderer's appear rational and respectable—this immemorial system of insane killing—this criminal contravention of God's law most wickedly pursued for thousands of years—suddenly after five weeks—well, I have a wit that is not asleep and a pen that is not rusty—but now, for once, am I really at a loss—unless—perhaps—there may be a difference between patriotic British glory and foreign Spanish, Austrian, French, German, or Russian war.

But the English are not the only people favoured with versatile organs of publicity. Americans having so often told me theirs were the cleverest journalists in the world, I kept watch on a newspaper printed three thousand miles away from London, namely at New York. This American periodical I received at irregular dates; otherwise I no doubt could muster unrestricted evidence of its duplex pimping for patriotism and peace. Withal it was a sheet esteemed respectable and moderate, by no means one of the cannibalesque sort that Americans term "yellow," but a proper representative of "high class" journalism

in a community boasting the "best" newspapers on earth. I limit the selected bits below to self-contradiction on the same day.

My attention was excited by an article in a January issue of the year 1907. It had to do with the Hague conference arranged for the summer, and it bore the heading: "Peoples of the World Demand International Peace. Broad Popular Movement Afoot and Gaining Ground to End War and Force Disarmament." The first paragraph ran: "The movement for the abolition of war among civilized nations is no longer a Utopian dream of statesmen and philosophers, but has become a popular agitation which literally encircles the globe. Arbitration, disarmament, and a permanent international congress are being urged by public meetings in America, most of the countries of Europe, and even in distant Japan. The movement is not confined to any one class. College professors, economists, labour leaders, editors, and socialists join in the demand that war shall cease, that international law shall take the place of violence and bloodshed." I nonetheless staid unsurprised when in the same issue of this very journal I came upon a large picture (2½ feet by 1½ feet; I have just remeasured it) superscribed "The United States Navy in 1907," exhibiting the whole fleet of the North American Republic and carrying the note: "This valuable and interesting picture, in which are assembled all the naval vessels of the United States, with the sole exception of those still in process of construction, is accurately drawn from photographs, and forms an interesting point of departure from which to note the future develop-

ment of the American navy. For names of vessels see explanatory diagram on page 8."

Disarmament forced by future naval development!

In a subsequent number I found two editorials side by side, one of which enounced the view that "the prosperity of all countries would be advanced by secure peace, by the lessening of the great burden of war preparations, and by the release of great numbers of young men from military service and their occupation in productive labour." The second editorial opined that "Able bodied young men should enlist in the National Guard because it is their duty as citizens to serve the State. . . . The moral influence of a well-trained, well-equipped militia is not to be overlooked. . . . The need of active militia service must be impressed upon the minds of young men. The National Guard in its present depleted condition commands the respect of all citizens. It numbers a host of men of soldier-like capacity, and we are confident that recruits will be forthcoming if the authorities set to work diligently and with enthusiasm."

The habit of fatal juxtaposition betrayed itself yet again when two editorial articles of exactly opposite enjoinment were separated by a single column of print. The first commended the American President's negotiating of arbitration treaties with France and England as "A crowning achievement. . . . Reason will have regained its sway. The treaty puts a triple brake upon the wheels of war. . . . Similar treaties with the German Empire, the Netherlands, Sweden, and Japan are passing the preliminary stages. Their moral and legal influence will be great. The work already done has made

the heavy armament of the nations less necessary. If it should advance in the future as it has advanced in the past eight months, the establishment of peace between all nations controlled by law is in sight." The moral influence through which peace between all nations was so rapidly to arrive voiced itself on the same page, where the part of Admiral Togo—on a visit to the United States—in the monstrous marine massacres of February, 1904, and May, 1905, received the meed of gladsome acclamation. For the red wrack of Ta-Lien-Wan and the hell fire of Tsu-Shima, crowning achievements of reason, thus got eulogy: "That the Admiral is a great man and a hero of the fine, old-fashioned type, we are all thoroughly convinced, but it will take his actual appearance, alive and in the flesh, to make us fully realize that the wonderful exploits with which he is credited by history were really performed—that there is not something mythical or legendary about him. . . . We remember only the magnificent manner in which the work was done, and its momentous consequences. Admiral Togo's efficiency, as is so often the case with heroes, was one of the kind that shows the artist, not the artisan."

Another crowning achievement in journalism *à la* Jesus-Bonaparte this public purveyor of pious patriotism reached one Easter Day. It was done by the exhibition of two adjoining pictures. A general with his staff of twelve officers were drawn up in front of a large tent; from a pole beside the tent hung a striped banner with a dark rectangle in its upper left corner revealing several rows of little prickly white spots. The picture above this portrayed

Christ in boyhood working at a carpenter's bench under supervision of his parents.

I have one more editorial specimen to quote, still from that same Columbian source, and it shows the connivance between school and press: "Peace, permanent and assured, is so desirable that no argument in favour of it is necessary. . . . The suppression in the teaching of history, however, of all glorification of warlike achievements is both impossible and undesirable. . . . The world has been civilized and the maps of it developed principally by conquest. The heroes of all ages have been men who have fought and bled for causes they esteemed sacred. We can never secure universal peace by ignoring the fact of war. . . . Until man has developed far beyond his present state, the nations will not ignore the possibility of war, and will keep as well prepared for it as their resources permit." This journalistic advocacy of martial concord, taking both sides at once in a single article, and also declaring that warfare's glorification is desirable, civilization's advance due to fighting, trucidation's excuse its heroism, emanated from New York. But might it not as well have come from Antwerp, Bahia, Corfu, Dobrowitz, Elberfeld, Ferrara, Goteborg, Havre, Ispahan, Kiev, Lugano, Monterey, Nagasaki, Oporto, or Peterboro?

In the sum we must acknowledge that the modern press leads the peoples of the earth along civilized enlightenment's broad, bright road. Particular commendation in this regard falls to our own country's press. The tokens of advancement shine from every page. Nowhere on all the round globe have I taken to hand journals superior to ours, whether in respect of fairness, wisdom, or mere

craftsmanship. Most worthily do they perform their part in holding for the great nation to which you and I bear allegiance its envied place in the van of progress. First in the arts of government and administration, first in the quality of its schools, tribunals, hospitals, and of all its public institutions, first in commercial enterprise, in right relations between capital and labour, and in sound prosperity, first in popular contentment, reverence for religion, obedience to the law, first in respect toward the rights of others and first in jealousy of its own freedom, first in the virtue of its women and first in the valour of its men, where on the map, pray tell me, can you find a rival to this, the country of our birth? What land owns such advantages? What nation may look forward to so fine a destiny? Even in my schooldays I could not but learn that I was member of a proud and splendid race—yes, an indomitable race! Since then I have discovered that we are now perpetuating—as this nation never ceased perpetuating—the magnificent traditions of our ancestors, who established for us this goodly heritage. Our position of influence and prestige in the world is unique, our place at the head of civilization undisputed. And to whom do we owe it all? To an incomparable array of rulers, statesmen, and chieftains with a solid phalanx of loyal manhood always ready at their backs! But as in the course of our national development we had to contend with foes who through lust of power, spurred by an overweening vanity, made no scruple of attacking us, so in these latter days we are obliged to be on our guard. For there are those whose envy and hatred we have incurred because of the very qualities which have

made us great and strong and rich, because of our reputation for justice in dealing with other, especially weaker nations, because of our success at repelling all attempts against our liberty, because of our increasing trade and manufactures, because of our marvellous progress in arts that elevate the mind and invention that is practically useful, because of our mysterious mission from on high to carry the torch of light before the peoples of the earth, and because of our unshakeable determination, come what may, to stand fast trusting in a divine providence that has ever been our aid, and to defy any who shall assail us! One foreign nation there is particularly which under the promptings of jealousy or ambition seems intent upon an obstinate challenge of our rank. Let that nation recollect that our historic peacefulness is paralleled by our records of martial chivalry. Thank God, there is scarcely a boy among us who learns not at his mother's knee the sublime duty of defending the fatherland! Yet were a boy unfortunate enough to have disloyal parents, then there would remain his pastors and masters to inculcate that solemn obligation. Or in the last resort it devolves upon the public organs of civilized advancement to whip up laggard consciences by calling out aloud that the test of a man is his patriotism. Always alert stand the serried columns of the press in arms, as it were, to champion causes of the nation's weal and honour, just as each faithful citizen should be forever ready with one hand upon the pommel of his sword to draw it forth and nobly go out to fight against the enemies of his country's sacred flag!

DUET

The demon war is the scourge of the nations!

"Our young people will not fail when the bugle calls to war!"

War is a foul stain and a hideous blot!

"It is not easy to see what is to be so serviceable in electrifying the nation's patriotism!"

War is inhuman and inconsistent with the Christian religion!

"All of you are actuated by the same lofty sentiments of patriotism and religion!"

CHORUS

Down with war and long live peace! Death to peace and war forever! Hallelujah-hurrah for Arch-Editor Kill-Pax!

CHAPTER V

GOVERNMENT

The original idea of kingship was: the strongest man with the longest sword. And that venerable tradition has not yet disappeared. Still bodily force stands imagined as predominant in the minds of men; still is the sword the highest symbol of authority.

A king or emperor at his crowning must make oath to defend the country against its enemies, and the ancient usage has survived of girding the new-made sovereign with a sword. But whether then specially invested with such instrument, or wearing one throughout the function, the acceding monarch swears the oath in the presence of his generals and admirals and officers of state, who are assembled, also girt with glaive or sabre, in a place guarded by men provided with guns and bayonets and expert to use them. If the place be a temple of religion the ceremony unfolds conducted by priestly managers in sacerdotal form. To denote the auspicious moment of actual coronation church-bells mix their chimes with thunder from ordnance of war; drums rattle; blades flash; muskets go click-ring; the serried guardian ranks present arms—and the people have another ruler! This seems to give them enormous satisfaction, for they shout and cheer, and when Anointed Majesty comes forth unto their gaze, clad in gorgeous habiliments of exalted military rank, and

carrying by the royal side the weapon that is to slay their foes, the people yield to boundless joy. It is indeed the common custom for monarchs and princes to be seen in martial attire on occasions that are public, and it were hard to discover a single member of any dynastic house who belonged to neither army nor navy; most probably a country's ruler will bear supreme command over those forces. Certainly no royal or republican conferment of rulership is enacted without soldiers and sword-bearing officials, who likewise show themselves in full array and display of the might to fight at public natal, nuptial, and sepulchral solemnizations.

Suppose a friendly visit from the liege lord of a kingdom to the majestic master of an empire. The King sets out surrounded by a shining circle of medalled, epauletted, plumed courtiers, equerries, and adjutants, each one belted with a sword. This sovereign himself wears sword and uniform, but a foreign uniform, denoting high rank in the army whose supreme chief he is about to visit. Men with guns await the King at dock or railway station of departure. The journey's several stages are marked by gatherings of other men with guns. When finally he alights at the predestined meeting place, again is the Great Personage saluted by rows of men with guns. But his Imperial Host is there to welcome the august arriver; magnificent, important warriors aid in the reception. King and Emperor spontaneously embrace, their sword-hilts tipping forward as they do so. The Emperor, whose followers all wear swords, is garbed as admiral of the fleet over which his royal visitor holds sway. Brief compliments interchanged, the sovereigns drive off together

through a hedge of soldiers. After a lapse of time they go in company to the parade ground, there reviewing more of the Emperor's soldiers. The King compliments his host on the fine troops, when His Imperial Majesty answers by referring with admiration to His Royal Majesty's big, fast, new battleship. Next come, in logic order, assurances of amity and good-will. A gorgeous banquet at the palace and a gala performance at the opera, both ceremonies ablaze with the bright flash and sparkle of bellicose accoutrements, end the first auspicious day.—On bidding final farewell the sovereigns kiss once more as friends amid the clink and clash and rattle of swords, bayonets, and rifles. During this visit the loyal gazettes adorning two eminent dominions publish telegrams, leaders, interviews, anecdotes, descriptions, pictures, to celebrate *perhaps the most significant drama ever witnessed on the modern political stage*. Along the deep Atlantic wire dart a few swift phrases, curt, laconic, yet sufficient for an able journalist to elaborate into a full account, headed thus:

THEY MEET

MONARCHS INTERCHANGE EXPRESSIONS OF FRIENDSHIP

Balance of Power is Now Secure—Rumour of
an Alliance—World's Peace Guaranteed.

Some typical pictures, which through my own observation or Franz-Francesco-Frank's I know to have been exhibited in shop windows or reproduced in public prints, manifest the same trick of royalty to kindle loyalty. All

these male and female dynastic protagonists of devastation were represented in uniform; each but the youngest was thus photographed in the twentieth century of the era of Napoleon-Christ; every one except the next eldest bore a death-dealing weapon.

The Crown Prince of England, at four, as sailor in pea-jacket, holding upright a musket with bayonet affixed.

The Crown Prince of Russia, at seven, as sailor—unarmed.

The King of Spain, at about seventeen, as hussar.

The Spanish Pretender, as hussar.

The King of Sweden, in gala military uniform.

The King of Italy, on horseback, in undress military uniform.

The King of Greece, in undress infantry uniform.

The Grand Duchess of Hesse, in infantry costume.

The Crown Princess of Rumania, in cavalry costume.

The daughter of the German Emperor, as hussar.

Catherine the Great was wont to review her troops atop a charger and wearing the frogged tunic and fur hat of a hussar colonel; Boadicea went corsetted to the wars in a metal chariot. Shall we some day hear of her Royal Highness Vice-Airmiraless Alexandra-Victoria-Helena-Sophia-Paulina-Maria? But an Apostolic Hapsburger, a Catholic Bourbon, a Holy Orthodox Romanov, a Faithful Defender of the Bank of England—a monarchic lady advocate of the state religion and of state occision, of national Christian carnage, should by preference be named Maria. And now that I am touching on royalty, religion, monarchs, morals, and so forth, let me repeat what was said to me by a grey, jaded diplomat of many actual courts

and few fanciful illusions. Within his lifetime alone, so he opined, there had been at least one ruler of Belgium, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Prussia, Saxony, Servia, Spain, and the United States of America, as well as an Austrian and a Bavarian prince of the realm, besides an Italian and a Mexican prince of the church, each of whom one would have designated, had he been a plain common citizen instead of a potentate, either as drunkard, gambler, or rake: "*ou buveur, ou joueur, ou coureur,—de femmes, vous savez,—étant bourgeois au lieu de prince.*"

Throne and altar! Citizenship and religion! Fortunate common parents of Britannia, to have set before their eyes the pattern of their future ruler being taught in childhood to defend the Anglican faith by shooting foreign heretics! Lucky plain Rumanians of the Greek Church, whose heiress to the throne exercises even a pre-natal influence, of sabring apostate aliens, on her dynastic offspring, and thus through example on all coming holy orthodox fighters for Rumania!

But the people of countries democratically administered are likewise incited from above to think of propagating national gladiators. The most valuable man to the state is the soldier because he needs no qualities but stupidity and ferocity to fit him for lynching alleged enemies without asking why. Hence the parliament of the French Republic resorts to the incubatory stimulus of a cash premium to each plain common *bourgeois* pair filling a prescribed number of cradles. In the face of a downward birthrate how keep up the combatant population without rewarding prolific copulation? So inducement is offered to loyal Gauls that they may beget numerous Bayards,

without reason and without remorse, perfect porcupines, modest as devils, and humane as tigers. *Vive l'armée!* Like France the Commonwealth of Australia seems to receive eminent and worshipful admonition to propagate the maximum of heroes. In that Oceanican land, where all schoolboys have military training forced upon them as part of their education, and after eighteen are liable to the duty of state slaughter, parental unfruitfulness renders the supply for the official destructive contingent rather restricted. Therefore up the Bishop of Riverina, a wise divine aware that sacerdotal prominence and prosperity are quite unlikely to be injured by secular populousness of parishes. The married members of his flock, believes this prelate of the Church Militant, require ecclesiastical supervision of their most intimate embraces, and to make them behave patriotically in their bedrooms he accompanies them thither, delivering unto them veritably Jehovan counsels:

"In the name of all that is rational, what is the use of waving our flags, singing our patriotic songs, and making our patriotic speeches, when we are conscious of having this rottenness at our doors? Artillery, airships, and Dreadnoughts will not save us unless we have men to manipulate them. What is the use of augmenting our navy when we are undermining our true source of strength with our ever dwindling birthrate? The palmy days of the Empire are numbered, and unless we mend our ways nothing can prevent us from becoming an easy prey to any nation that may be told off in God's good providence to bring us to our senses. Let all true patriots give heed to these things, for none but traitors can ignore them."

Why not carry the patriotism of the bedroom to the furthest limits of conception? How blissful if in all countries everyone should be born a soldier: at parturition each boy and girl emerging equipped with a tiny spiked helmet and minute prickly spurs, in one hand a young gun and a nascent sword in the other, a sprouting cartridge-pouch buckled on above the pretty little dimpled pink posterior! Could but all infants of either sex thus arrive on earth, then behold verified at last the famous dictum of a Prussian captain, "Man only begins at the recruit." Yet why wait for the dawn of that Utopian age? Why not begin at once freely to shoot and stab at random, commencing on your own progenitors because they first taught you in sport the excellence of killing? And what splendid fun to pitch up your neighbor's baby—or else your own—high into the air, and catch it upon the point of your bayonet! For Sparta's honour Leonidas and his like would have done as much. You, a civilized progressive Christian—would you lag behind barbarous antique pagans? No! Because you, and I, and everybody else, we all of us have heard that man's noblest destiny is to become a killer! Then let us kill, kill, kill! So shall we raise human relations to the loftiest level, and shall hasten the millennium of an uninhabited but patriotic world.

To this apocalypse of Patria I can imagine an alternative.

Among the duties that the state assumes is public education. Each year does the budget provide for cheap or unpaid schooling from the taxes. Some ministerial cabinets comprehend a secretary of instruction. No such

administrative council omits a secretary of destruction. And if one asks in what ratio the expenditures for books and butchery are divided, one learns that governments are prone to lavish vastly greater sums on the second than on the first. The parliament of France—that land whose history “is at once the sum and digest of the whole history of modern civilization,” having “given or interpreted to Europe all ideas of reason and justice,” and being hence estimable as “the most illustrious among modern nations”—allots four times the money to maintaining national armament that it allows to developing the young national mind, so that the proudest pretensions of human leadership hinder not fourfold simultaneous bestiality. Soldiers, sailors, and even teachers (who, though they do no fighting, at least inculcate admiration of it), everywhere receive pensions; but no excuse has anywhere been found for thus rewarding all the country’s doctors and sicknurses touched by old age or debility after good and useful service to their fellow men. In my view it would seem proper to end the laudatory bellowing about the glorious brutalities of our national heroes, and instead to begin praising the modest, untrumpeted national usefulness of our physicians, who never hesitate to risk their lives so others be preserved, who care nothing for home, sleep, or comfort when distress beseeches, who have but kind words for those threatening them with dire contagion. The gentle, white-capped lady ministers of mercy who help to soothe our agonies—they too should earn articulate applause. Public salaries and pensions, official medals and badges, befriending or promoting regulated deadly violence and systematic wanton damage, might more fitly be employed

to foster and remunerate beneficence and salvage. All cannons, rifles, bayonets, swords, bugles, flags, and other tools or symbols of patriotic massacre should be loaded upon warships, these taken out to the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and sunk to the bottom. Let the authorities cease laying out on warfare such millions of rubles, dollars, florins, pesos, francs, which they take away from us, and let them spend all that money on our welfare. Let them turn barracks and drill grounds into hospitals with gardens, commissariat store-houses into depots of medicinal supplies, arsenals into laboratories of scientific investigation, and forts into manufactories of stock pharmaceutical and surgical. Let them bring to the highest proficiency companies of doctors, surgeons, nurses, apothecaries, chemists, investigators, by substituting medical training schools for military. Those bodies and those buildings, as well as coastguards, fire brigades, street-cleaning, sewerage, water-works, and sanitary inspection, should be under the national medical administration, called the Public Health Office; and for these different functions state-paid persons should be trained, analogously to the doctors, apothecaries, and so on. Briefly, the taxes should support free medical service instead of compulsory military service. Each nation's Minister of War should make room for a Minister of Health. From foreign courts military *attachés* should be withdrawn and by medical *attachés* superseded.

In lieu of unlimited killing, unrestricted curing! All sickness tended for the asking, gratuitous deliverance from all pain! Who would not rather be cured at home for nothing than killed abroad for nothing? Perhaps you think you would—until some clever politician tells you

how much better it is (for you) to be patriotic than alive. Fear God, honour the king, and vote the right way. Especially give no heed to the chimerical hallucinations of a crazy fanatic seized with the absurd mania of persuading people not to kill one another. Without war what would become of the spread of empire and the triumphs of statecraft, what purpose would a national church fulfil, what would be the use of taxes, what would heroes do, and what would remain for the teaching of history?

Honours and titles, badges and knighthoods, civil offices, gifts of land, grants of money, recognize feats of arms: the bloodier, the better. A monarch of very martial mind will *distinguish* even foreigners who direct executions—provided these be wholesale. William II of Germany conferred the order Pour le Mérite on Generals Nogi and Stoessel, the captor and the defender of Port Arthur. But the right name for that token of renown would have been Pour le Meurtre. Marlborough received a dukedom—not Dickens; Blücher was created prince—not Liebig; that the American nation gave a palace to Dewey, —not to Edison,—proves how an entire people may rate regress above progress. Yet public awardment of civil primacy to heroes has often gone ablink: in the nineteenth century Wellington, Grant, MacMahon, Caprivi, by no means dazzled through effulgent statesmanship. Preservation of human life by acts of daring—unless incident to warfare—scarcely seems worth governmental guerdon, and for the most part custom consigns its recompense to private persons or societies. Although vaguely and romantically accused of fratricide, veterans of civil war ac-

tually have real medals to boast. For Cain to avoid applause were almost impossible. Indeed how surprising if you, my pious friend, brought up on Jehovan jingoism, did not in your heart admire Cain. Or would you rather have been Abel?

Those placed in authority over you, national or provincial or municipal, do everything to maintain you in the opinion that it is nobler to slay your fellows than to save them. Think of the frequency and publicity of belligerent exhibitions: military, naval, and aeronautical parades, processions, or manoeuvres; voyages of the fleet, exciting mettlesome emotion at home and sense of rivalry abroad; unveiling a monument; launching a battleship; dedication of a public edifice; consecration of a regimental standard; celebration of a national anniversary—all implying manifold obtrusion of gilt braid, brass buttons, belts and epaulets, swords, rifles, and revolvers, blare of bugles, boom of artillery. Not enough that the decimators suborned for national raids must flaunt gory premonition at us in the days of peace, but at all seasons strut uniformed, sword-wearing officials whose duties no wise suppose gladiatorial proclivity: ministers and commissioners of state, ambassadors, consuls, legislators, councillors, chamberlains, members of the post and revenue services, functionaries attached to fire brigades, custom houses, and railway stations. As for the intended and achieved effects of naval parades—concerning a typical one which took place, not many centuries back nor even a hundred years ago, but within a twelve-month of this date of writing, I need only quote the statesman who reviewed the fleet, and then, in

a second paragraph, an editor who commented upon the event:

"Those who saw the fighting fleet which was assembled in the harbour today could not fail to be struck with its preparedness and with its high military efficiency, and must have been proud of its personnel. The demonstration has had an educational value in arousing patriotism, in increasing the general knowledge of and interest in the navy, in illustrating the ability to mobilize on short notice, and in showing the skill of the officers who turned the whole fleet in the river and sent it out to sea."

"The incidents of the day, from the early morning hours, were such as to inspire the thousands who witnessed them, either from the shores or the decks of the countless boats which followed the parade, with confidence in the efficiency of our navy and admiration for its strength, As the vessels moved with perfect alignment down the river and bay, and thus out to sea, they formed an inspiring spectacle which stirred the patriotic feelings of multitudes of spectators."

On my first visit to Paris I went to hear "Faust" at the Opéra. After the garden scene I promenaded in the *foyer*. Looking out from a window there I beheld drawn up on guard a row of cuirassiers, mounted on horseback and ready to defend the honour of the cross against Mephistopheles. At the Comédie Française I saw the tragedy of "Oedipus" on the stage, and in the vestibule some heroes of the same regiment, where they had no doubt been posted to secure the *boulevards* from invasion by the

demi-monde of Thebes—dangerous menace to a patriotic industry.

When the Governor-General of Canada is to open the Dominion's parliament he sets out in military attire girt about with a sword, and escorted by men-at-arms, for the purpose of reading aloud the most platonic platitudes imaginable written on a calm, unruffled, white paper sheet. Neither does this lecture take place in the legislative chamber—as I know from my own spectatorship—without ceremonious salutings and devoirs by weaponed warriors. Outside in the square, meanwhile, fast stands and true the watch on the Ottawa: a thin red line of indomitable champions in huge bearskins, costumed and accoutred like British footguards, but by their valour surpassing those and all other soldiers, and thus thwarting the spoliation by lustful Yankee concupiscence of the fragrant virgin orange groves that amorously perfume the languid breeze of Baffin Bay. (There's no one in the wide, wide world like the Canadian volunteer.)

A frequent scene familiar to the worthy Saxon burghers I have witnessed in their capital. Every day at noon, from the barracks across the Elbe, came tramping over the bridge by the royal palace a regiment of infantry. On handsome horses the colonel and the majors rode ahead. The band followed—fifty simultaneous players of a thrilling tune. After the musicians came the several companies, in front of each its mounted captain and on foot alongside the lieutenants. Right blithely they stepped out, did those young officers, their bare swords, held upright at the thigh, jauntily aswing, with the silver belt-tassels quivering glittersome, as clusters of electric snakes.

In tune with the exhilarating music smartly marched the men. Sunrays played up and down the barrels of their rifles, and the bright brass spikes and chains and ornaments upon their helmets seemed to dance like merry golden wavelets. Having crossed the bridge the column would split to disperse in sundry directions, and these squads would then again divide up—and so on. Thus the whole regiment by degrees became scattered throughout the town in the dramatical show of changing the guard: at the king's palace, the crown prince's, the royal theatre, the picture gallery, ministries of state, and several other places, all of which a stuffed poodle could have protected against the savage hordes of African Herreros, Chinese Boxers, and French Frenchmen threatening the porcelain pigs and meerschau pipes and venerable Pumpernickel in the shop windows of Dresden. When the soldiers had left them the military musicians took position between the royal palace and the church facing it, and for the next hour out of German trumpets and flutes blew ditties by Verdi, Liszt, Bizet, Glinka, Sullivan, or Grieg.

Differing reasons make that French, that Canadian, and that Saxon city agreeable to me. Must I hate Ottawa and Dresden because I like Paris? Ought I to detest Paris and Ottawa because Dresden pleases me? Am I obliged to loathe Dresden and Paris because I can enjoy myself in Ottawa? Through scrupulous enquiry I have learnt that each of the three is populated by human beings, which is to say bipeds with two feet, in plain language males and females of either sex, meaning men, women and children already born, still alive, not yet dead. But each republican or royal or imperial government will at

any hazard, by every means, foster sanguinary dispositions in male and female bipeds toward men women and children of other republics, kingdoms, empires. At least four grand monuments do I remember erected after the year 1871, to celebrate Gallia's downthrow by Germania: in the Teutoburg forest near Detmold, on the left bank of the Rhine opposite Bingen, in the Berlin public park Thiergarten, and in the small Prussian town of Bismarck—perpetual records that symbolize the right of might by the formal portraiture in stone of military personages and implements of warfare. The capital of France has bridges called Alma, Arcola, Austerlitz, Ivry, Jena, Solferino; two arches to glorify the victories of the first Napoleon; two outdoor statues enfiguring Joan of Arc, and two Louis XIV; one statue each, in the open air, of Beauharnais, Charlemagne, Coligny, Henry IV, Lafayette, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Marshal Ney. The controllers of Britain's metropolis have devoted homage to the deeds of Wellington and Nelson by naming forty-one public thoroughfares after them and their battles. The very coins and stamps we use will the administrators not exempt from mischievous monition: ramping lions and clawing eagles alternate with monstrous bears and unicorns and serpents, while rugged club-carrying giants vary with prodigious viragoes who threaten death by trident, falchion or spear.

A nation's strength guarantees no reluctance to quarrel, its littleness none that it will fear to fight, and the delusion that war could be held away through massive armament ought to have been drowned in the floods of blood encrimsoning Port Arthur, Mukden, and Tsu-Shima. That

Russia's army was the biggest in the world and hence the least subject to attack prevented not the Japanese from defying and defeating it; neither did numerical superiority preserve the Tsar's navy from virtual annihilation. Combat unsurpassed in fierceness and loss unparalleled in magnitude gave appalling contradiction to the old, old error: for the diminishment of death teach more men how to kill. Besides, that unprecedented duel occurred in a world-wide epidemic of unexampled martial growth. Especially after France and Germany's shocking conflict of 1870 did all countries pursue this mania with growing eagerness. Governments vociferated, and subjects echoed after them: the way to avert war is to have the largest quantity of regiments and ships. But what happened during the next following decades of peace to be insured through warlike readiness? As appendix to the forty years' accounts of enormous physical and fiscal taxation to hinder bloodshed by preparation for it one sees a scarlet register of strife which docketed thirty states that waged war once or oftener during that period:

Abyssinia	Japan
Afghanistan	Montenegro
Austria	Nicaragua
Belgium	Orange Free State
Brazil	Paraguay
Bulgaria	Peru
Chile	Rumania
China	Russia
Colombia	Salvador
France	Servia
Germany	Spain

Great Britain
Greece
Guatemala
Italy

Turkey
Transvaal
United States of America
Venezuela.

I make no attempt at reckoning up the lives thrown away in all those wars that might have been better spent. Let this be left to a politician or an official of state. That kind of man alternately pleads his love of concord and blows the trump of pugnacity. Hereof excerpts from three speeches made by the chief administrators of as many countries, in the course of three very recent years, give sufficient evidence; and they also show how the popular mind is bent and swayed in the same manner by governmental as by editorial and clerical agencies.

“I earnestly advise provision for four battleships of the most advanced type. I cannot too emphatically say that this is a measure of peace and not of war. I can conceive of no circumstances under which —— would enter into an aggressive war; most certainly would —— under no circumstances enter into an aggressive war for the acquisition of territory, or in any other manner seek material aggrandizement. I advocate that we build a navy commensurate with our power and our needs, because I feel that such a navy will be the surest guarantee and safeguard of peace. . . . Yet it is idle to assume, and from the standpoint of national interest and honour it is mischievous folly for any statesman to assume that the world has yet reached the stage or has come within measurable distance of the stage when a proud nation,

jealous of its honour, and conscious of its proud mission in the world, can be content to rely for peace upon the forbearance of other powers. It would be equally foolish to rely upon each of them possessing, at all times and under all circumstances and provocations, an altruistic regard for the rights of others. . . . There is a rank due to — among the nations which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war.”

“We have in various treaties made use of the arbitration principle, and we have embodied this principle in clauses of our trade treaties. Our co-operation is won in advance for all measures which by unalterable laws make secure the rights of humanity. But — has been taught in the school of hard experience for three centuries, and she is and must be strong enough to defend her territory, her dignity, and her independence. She has not misused her strength and will not do so.”

“I believe it essential in the highest interest not merely of this country, but of the world, that — should at all hazards maintain her place and prestige among the great Powers. Her potent influence has been many times in the past, and may yet be in the future, invaluable for the cause of human liberty. . . . I would make great sacrifices to preserve peace. I conceive nothing that would justify the disturbance of international goodwill except

questions of the gravest national moment; but if a situation were to be forced upon us in which peace could only be preserved by the surrender of the great and beneficent position that — has won by centuries of heroism and achievement, by allowing — to be treated where her interests were vitally affected as if she were of no account in the cabinet of nations, then I say emphatically that peace at that price would be a humiliation intolerable for a great country like ours to endure."

According to its journalistic, ecclesiastic, and legislative representatives every nation is peaceful to the extremity defined by an eminent deputy: "I am so much in favour of peace that I would fight in order to get it." Likewise every nation is just—even the most just, as one might infer from another tribune of the people, who spoke in the universal voice of loyal logic when he said: "Some nation must have the strongest navy, thus giving to that nation what we may call naval supremacy. The nation which has the justest foreign policy ought to have the strongest navy. It is we who have always had the justest foreign policy of any nation in the world, and can be counted on in the future to have the justest policy. Therefore it is we who ought to have the strongest navy. We are the only nation that can be safely trusted with great naval power without danger of its abuse." Of course, dear friend, you guess what nation the parliamentarian spoke about. But if you are dubious change "naval" to "military," and then you will be sure. Or else take "aerial." Whatever the kind of force, no nation on the globe but one is entitled to supremacy therein.

I naturally have naught to say against international arbitration. Only I detest its would-be promulgators' adherence to patriotism, the thing that clogs humaneness, fosters violence, and enkindles war. Too frequently were it impossible to reiterate: the ultimate expression of patriotism is war. Patriotism excuses war. Patriotism exults in war. Patriotism is the mainstay of war. Patriotism never prevents war. But the governmental devotees of arbitration continue to hug patriotism. They will by no means forego the cult heroic. Indeed have not military and naval heroes sat at the Hague? Have not other victorious generals and admirals of our day—without being Hague conferrers—pronounced themselves to favour arbitration? Yet by the very same eminent commanders has one heard approved the ancient adage *si vis pacem, para bellum*. If you want peace get ready for the next war. For the object of fighting is to win. The fewer ironclads, aeroplanes, brigades, and batteries at your disposal, the more likely you are to lose. Avoid that danger. Pay out all you've got to secure the largest and strongest armament in the world. Conciliation need then not trouble you. But should your (invincible) host be (accidentally) beaten in an honourable war, you can still fall back upon an honourable peace. Once that's settled you're free to start again unlimited expenditure for an unrestricted chance to win (or lose) another war.

Through the ideas mooted at or relative to the international congresses at Holland's capital, *Hague* has come to represent the tenets of harmony, amity, concord, adjustment, arrangement, compromise, commutation, conciliation, arbitration, peace. Hague implies all that

those terms several connote or collectively sum up. Each congress at the Hague the whole world watches with interest, awaits its resolutions with suspense. But a few people who can find the Hague on the map, who read words of one syllable without great effort, spell their own names correctly, and are disinclined to think that two and three make six, a small number of persons, I say, not absolute illiterates or ignoramuses or imbeciles, have commenced to contemplate that famous Hague with doubt. They have observed how at the sessions reverence is paid to the ancient and honourable art of war, perceived how pains are spent upon the framing of fresh regulations for war's continuance, remarked how generals and colonels, admirals and commodores, share in those debates. They know that such simple principles of *humanizing* warfare as by abolition of expanding bullets and abstention from asphyxiating gases can be cast out from the Hague. They are able to surmise that *limitation of armament* has no honest lovers among the powerful and ambitious governments that send spokesmen to the Hague. They would agree with me that a proposition never to reward victorious generals, admirals, or airmirals with title of nobility or pecuniary grant were impossible to bring forward, still less to be carried, at the Hague. And yet what proof than this were apter to convince the world that the governmental delegates assembling round the smooth, serene, unruffled tables of the Hague really thought peace good and war bad? No Hague conferrer but would laugh (unless he frowned) at the preceding notion. For those diplomats and councillors, those state-paid functionaries, civil and juridical, those salaried or pensioned officers,

what I called "actualities of modern warfare" in Manchuria, yet they illustrate the spirit of humaneness as it may be found in the class from which military and naval delegates to the Hague are drawn.

An epistle from a British lieutenant of lancers, who had taken part in heroic pursuit of fleeing Boers from the field of honour at Elandslaagte, contained these observations: "After the enemy were driven out one of our squadrons pursued and got right in among them in the twilight, and most excellent pigsticking ensued for about ten minutes, the bag being about sixty. One of the men stuck his lance through two, killing both at one thrust. Had it not been getting dark we should have killed many more."

Rivalry to the chivalrous benevolence of that fine young British sportsman, officer, and gentleman you will see expressed in the following sentences, not from a letter, but from the report of a speech made at a banquet in Brooklyn by an American naval officer, who had some months earlier participated in the battle of Manila: "He told of the wonderful work accomplished at Manila on the first of May, in which the Philippine archipelago was practically conquered, and aroused laughter by adding, 'And all in the forenoon, without the loss of a single man, a single gun, or even a single breakfast. The butcher's bill was nothing, the prize was an island empire.' . . . He read the bombastic proclamation of Governor General Augustin, prophesying that the Americans would be wiped off the face of the earth. When he read Augustin's prediction that the war would be 'short and decisive' he remarked, 'That's the only true sentence in the proclamation.' Then everybody laughed and clapped. 'I wish,' he said,

'you could have seen the way the men gritted their teeth when this proclamation was read to them and said, We will make them take back every word.' . . . 'From the time we opened fire,' he said, 'their decks were swept with such an awful storm of shot and shell that they never had time to properly point their guns.' He described Dewey's circling tactics, and said: 'We repeated this course back and forth five times. At the end of that time the enemy's fire had dwindled to almost nothing. It was unnecessary to waste ammunition. The men had been up all night and were tired. Commodore Dewey considered it a safe time to take breakfast. (Applause.) We never enjoyed a breakfast more. Between mouthfuls the cheering report would come, There goes the Reina Christina, she's blowing up; there goes the Castillo, she's on fire. And we knew that the rest would be target practice.' (Laughter.)"

I have been informed by Americans that their jokes are superior to foreign—easier to grasp, they say, and simpler, more spontaneous, more human. Yet elsewhere the quality of mirth, even as that of mercy, is not strained, and one may purchase, anyone who wants it, a volume named "*Weltstaat und Friedenspolitik*," which, written by a German privy councillor who had been member of the Hague peace congress of 1899, immortalizes his comically philanthropic views: "We Germans have every reason to regard peace propaganda not only with suspicion but to fight them in real earnest, because the peace movement signifies a cosmopolitanism hostile to national sentiment, and because unhappily in our own country such ideas have far more adherents than anywhere else. It

seems, none the less, as our heroes in Southwest Africa have proved, that the danger is not yet so very great of the German people losing the joy of strife and contempt of death that the old Teutons had. . . . The German people must not only be externally armed by the possession of a powerful army and navy but inwardly by a warlike spirit. It must in all parts be permeated with the firm determination in the last resort to vindicate its position, its rights, and its interests against all comers sword in hand. But that is just what the friends of peace do not wish. To attain their object of abolishing war they quite consistently try, by their propaganda, to stifle and extinguish warlike and military sentiments in the nations of the earth. . . . We must prevent pacifist ideas from taking root in our growing youth, which would destroy the heroic fighting spirit of our young men, inculcate detestation of military service, and brand sacrifice for one's country as a foolish and monstrous thing."

But now, in fine, oh, martial mariners, soldiers bold, and airmen of aggression, warriors, yea, heroes, of the earth and sea and sky, will I purvey you clinching argument; now will I disclose most potently the virtue of the practical humaneness which in unison with privy councillors, parliamentarians, professors of the law of nations, diplomatists, and ministerial secretaries, you would fain choir so sweetly before Mars, that, dropping from his red right hand the furious glaive, he shall borrow of Orpheus the soft lyre, and upon this gentle instrument harmoniously accompany the vocal dithyrambic psalm of surcease from passionate wanton havoc. For harken to the voice of Clausewitz. 'Twas he who spake what you shall hear.

The sayings I am about to convey I have taken from the German masterpiece "On War." Rated as great by Teutonia's military critics as "Faust" by her literary, "On War," the voluminous composition of General Karl von Clausewitz (born in 1780),—who learned from Bonaparte, taught Moltke, and was copied by Oyama,—gives in essence, amplifies, and every way embodies the whole science of the warrior's craft. Not an important principle of warfare but may there be conned. In short: the lexicon of bellicosity. Yet to me this bloodiest of printed inculcation seems the logical thinking of an honest man. Clausewitz's intention is always straight and plain. He argues well from his own premises. One can comprehend his meaning readily. And his integrity one need never doubt. Therefore, though I loathe each syllable of his hellish lesson, I still respect him far above those clap-trap chatters of the Hague who prattle blatant babble about humanity in warfare. Here let me then transcribe a few of Clausewitz's declarations:

"To conquer and destroy the enemy's armed forces is the leading principle of war.

"The compulsory submission of the enemy to our will is the ultimate object.

"Violence, that is to say physical force, is the means.

"Violence arms itself with the inventions of science in order to contend against violence.

"War is an act of violence which in its application knows no bounds.

"Let us not hear of generals who conquer without bloodshed.

"Self-imposed restrictions, almost imperceptible and hardly worth mentioning, termed usages of international law, accompany violence without essentially impairing its effect.

"Philanthropists may imagine that there is some clever method of overcoming and disarming an adversary without causing great bloodshed, and that such is the proper tendency of the art of war. However plausible this may appear, it is an error which must be extirpated; for in such dangerous things as war the errors which spring from benevolence are just the worst.

"We must employ all the resources which we can make available with the utmost energy.

"He who uses force unsparingly, without reference to the quantity of blood shed, is sure to obtain the advantage if his adversary does not do likewise."

In contrast to Clausewitz I cannot but think of Christ. From him I dissent extremely on several signal principles; but no man has ever trod the earth before whom I feel so much reverence: because of his goodness that was complete, his sincerity that was absolute, his heroism that was sublime. I am convinced too that both Christ and Clausewitz would agree with O. H. Neland: the only way to humanize warfare is to stop it.

I ask your patience while I now, through the means of facts but scantily relieved by literary embellishment, lay before you a partial reasoning out of the forcible urgency with which your duty to kill foreigners and your simultaneous obligation to die willingly at their hands have been impressed upon you. I shall need a good number of

pages to make this matter as clear as I wish. For I want you to perceive far more plainly than you do at present why governments set such store by patriotism.

You have read in this book of a certain major-general, the British inventor of the Boy Scouts, and of a certain chaplain-general, bishop of the Anglican church. Both went campaigning against the Ashantis. The people dwelling in that territory are now subjects of England, under whose *protection* they were *taken* at the close of the nineteenth century, after supplying vendible commodities, including slaves, to Portuguese, Dutch, French, Danish, German, and English traders with more or less reluctance since the beginning of the seventeenth. Today Ashanti, happily annexed, forms a northern appendage to the Gold Coast colony, and stands under its governor's rulership. The Gold Coast colony, stretching along the Gulf of Guinea for three hundred and thirty miles between the French Ivory Coast and the German Togoland, constitutes an area of eighty thousand English square miles, and holds a population of perhaps one million, five hundred thousand ex-foreigners. True to its name the Gold Coast is rich in the precious ore, some 1,200,000 pounds sterling's worth being mined each year. Fertile forests or plantations yield a large output of palm oil and kernels, india rubber, cocoa, gum copal, mahogany, and various fruits. Altogether the annual exports, nearly all of which go to England, are worth about £2,500,000. The imports, shipped mostly from the British Isles, reach the approximate yearly value of £2,000,000. Two hundred miles of railroad represent an outlay of two million pounds, the principal beneficiaries being of the same nationality as the

merchants who profit most by the exports and imports; these last mainly comprise tinware, cutlery, cloth and cotton goods, ammunition, and ardent spirits. Each native of the Gold Coast is therefore worth three yellow guineas *per annum*, or about a hundred during his or her lifetime, reckoning thirty-three as the norm. But suppose the average life shorter there on account of the bad climate and the people's ignorance. They also contribute taxes at the annual rate of half a guinea each person, and this revenue let us leave out to make up for the aforesaid possibly short norm of life. Computing therefore the individual native's value at £100, one generation of Gold Coast blacks would thus equal a capital investment of 150,000,000 British pounds sterling.

Obviously there is warrant to maintain for the administration of the Gold Coast and its *Hinterland* a set of British officials of civil or military estate. These are members of what the Britons themselves designate the British governing class. Headed by his gubernatorial Excellency, the recipient of £3,000 a year, a long payroll records the names of judges, chief commissioners of provinces, assistant commissioners, a colonial treasurer, a colonial chaplain, a colonial secretary, assistant secretaries, junior secretaries, a solicitor-general, an attorney-general, a postmaster-general, a general manager of railways, a director of public works, a director of customs, a director of education, a medical superintendent, a commandant of police, and various subordinates. The judges are paid £800 to £1,000 *per annum*, the commissioners each £700, the chief administrative functionaries £1,000, several of the rest £650 or £750, and the minor officials £400 to

£500, no one receiving less than £300. In addition a sum of £62,000 goes to keeping up two thousand soldiers and paying the salaries of sixty British officers.

But gird not, Jean or Johann, at colonial Jolm Bull, for down along the West African coast there are tracts too where French or German swords have whistled to the accompaniment of howitzer or mitrailleuse a song of harmony conciliating produce, mines, railways, exports, imports, and revenues, with official salaries. The French or German blood shed for these purposes—to say nothing of African blood—was mostly base blood, proletarian, popular, plebeian, not pure and precious patrician. An officer is less likely to be killed than a common soldier, corporal, sergeant, or any sort of under-officer. Generals, colonels, and majors are exempt from the most dangerous hazards. Only the lieutenants and captains take risks equalling those which threaten the rank and file. Since moreover expectation of service as company officer would be twenty years or thereabouts, one who reaches the age of forty unscathed may rather safely hope for two or three decades free from greatest jeopardy. Meanwhile a wound with possibly light consequences may seem worth gambling against for the sake of such promotion, pension, title, or honour as would be open to no ordinary soldier did he survive the extremest perils of a dozen campaigns. Besides, numerous officers have unexposed employment: on staff duty or inspection, charged with remounts or construction, managing laboratories, ordnance, stores, making maps or surveys, engaged at tuition or training, doing secretarial bureau work, accounts, reports, attending upon princes or generals as adjutants or equerries, or else

performing civil functions of colonial administration at home or over-sea. Even if, despite all presumption to the contrary, the casualty rate were highest among the officers, they would still have the chances of a professional career for motive of allurements; whereas the men in the ranks do not rise far, and sometimes go to soldiering as a refuge, while in most countries they are compelled to serve by law.

Not merely Great Britain, France, and Germany, but also Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Italy, Japan, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Turkey, and the United States have over-sea dependencies, controlled, as the home government, by men of upper caste, usually showing a sympathetic concordance of endeavour toward financial, political, ecclesiastical, and martial success; like the wielders of authority at home they avow supreme solicitude for their nation's prestige; and all those high protagonists of imperial dominion either side the sea discreet editorial satellites support by sapient modes, one of which is loyal dumbness upon the chief principle in the science of government: I—Moi—Ich and Family.

Into a handsome, spacious room of a fine edifice situated on an important thoroughfare steps every morning at ten a certain gentleman of middle age. He hangs his shining high silk hat on a walnut clothes rack, places his silver-mounted stick in a corner, sits down before a mahogany desk, and slowly draws off his brown kid gloves. In front of him lie neatly heaped for his inspection letters and documents of various kinds. Prior to examining them he extracts a gold-tipped cigarette from a silver case, puts it into an amber holder, and lights it with circumstantial

care. Small clouds of fragrant smoke ascend above the gentleman's bent head while with the aid of an ivory paper-knife he opens up or flattens out the written or printed items for a preliminary glance. Well bred demeanour and a prosperous appearance mark the social stratum of him whose day's work has now begun. His labours are indeed leisurely and light and their associations pleasant. Agreeable chattings with colleagues in other rooms on topics of mutual interest—my promotion, your new apartment, his second wife, our cranky old chief, this monotonous service, those unspeakable suburban trains, these idiots of clerks, how beastly cold for June—punctuate with restful interludes a day of routine neither long nor tiring. The gentleman arrives at ten o'clock—unless unavoidably late; he remains until four—if nothing urgent takes him away sooner. Half a dozen hours he spends at this comfortable place, can command a liveried attendant to fetch him lunch or liquors, coffee or tea, receives some weeks' holiday each year, promotion for the waiting, sure pay, a pension in old age, and the credit of having adorned the annals of his fatherland with strenuous zeal and unselfish devotion for the public good.

You may find such gentlemen in almost any capital. I have encountered them frequently. At this moment I am thinking of one who lives in London. Were he a Teuton or a Gaul instead of a Briton he would make his daily pilgrimage to the Kolonialamt or the Ministère des Colonies. However, he endures the genteel ease of the Colonial Office. In consideration thereof he accepts a sum between 20,000 and 25,000 francs a year. The precise amount of his salary I know not, but specify by francs

since that denomination is the most familiar to the world at large, and because I select this Englishman to typify upper government officialdom in general. He began at 5,000 francs, and may rise to become an under-secretary of state with 50,000. When he retires he will be given a pension. He belongs to an English family which for centuries has been concerned or connected with British political administration, individuals of it or their near relatives having been members of both houses of parliament, the cabinet, the court, the justiciary, the hierarchy (*i. e.* spiritual peerage), and the diplomatic, colonial, military, and naval branches: a genuine component house of Britain's governing class—or of the world's. It was by help of my ever faithful Frank, who had so large an English acquaintance, that I obtained the facts about this family which I shall now set down. I have nothing *secret* or *scandalous* to reveal, nothing that any person whom I mention would feel shame for, nothing but what well-born, well-bred, well fed gentlemen and ladies of full stomach and estate would regard with favour.

Before I start let me draw notice to a few circumstances touching Britain's House of Peers. It is in part constituted of bishops of the state church; and episcopacy being in the prime minister's gift with the sovereign's assent, hence the evident advantage for the clergy of friendship from both cabinet and court. But even colonial bishoprics are not to be despised—as a missionary or an army chaplain abroad may have occasion to discover. And colonial service, lay or church, military or civil, must at some point meet the interests or enterprises of commerce. Many a peer,—be he bishop, ex-administrator, active

state functionary, court chamberlain, judge, general, or banker,—is shareholder or director in some sort of oversea trading business, mining company, railway line, irrigation scheme, or other stocks-and-bonds affair. The security, the very amount of a peer's private income may link with his sanction, as legislator, to conquest or tenure of alien land by force of arms. His pocket and his pride, his social, his professional, his family relationships, persuade his intelligence, guide the course of his desire. What pays for the frills on Lady Milkface's Parisian pantalettes? The misery of a soldier's orphans whose father raped a nigger girl and was killed in battle by her brother. You have here an episode in the history of civilization. It throws a bright light from "the purging fires of war" upon that demand for peace which "masquerades under the cloak of benevolence and good feeling."

I had however engaged to give contemporaneous data respecting an old English house, whose history during the past fifty years I will therefore now illuminate by naming relevant facts known to me concerning grown individuals of its three latest generations.

GENERATION I

Titled owner of an estate; justice of the peace.

Lieutenant-general; civil administrator in India; was decorated and knighted; retired on pension; with pension continuing was appointed head of India's most important railway, controlled by the state and paying four per cent on its shares; married daughter of a Scottish knight.

Governor of an Indian province; minister in viceroy's cabinet; was decorated and knighted; retired on pension.

Official in Colonial Office for a time.

Major in India; retired on pension.

Diplomatic envoy; retired on pension; decorated; married daughter of an Anglican priest.

GENERATION II

Official in Colonial Office (specially mentioned above).

Colonel in India; retired on pension; through military affiliations got a commercial post in England, his pension continuing.

Judge in India; knighted.

Peer of the realm and member of ministry; militia officer; educated at Oxford; married niece of a peer.

Colonel of infantry; served in England and India.

Editor of a public organ supporting the monarchy, hereditary peerage, the state church, obligatory training in arms, and naval supremacy; has social friends among Anglican prelates, directors of colonial enterprises, and imperialistic legislators and officials; educated at Oxford.

Captain in India; retired on pension.

Incumbent of commercial post in Canada obtained through influence of a Dominion senator; godson of Anglican prelate who was court chaplain, professor at Oxford, and husband to near relation of Indian viceroy.

Government official in Ottawa for a short period; godson of an English peer.

GENERATION III

My knowledge touching this generation is more limited. One of the boys, whose father and grandfather were Anglican priests, went into the navy. A second was for a few years lieutenant in the army, upon leaving which he obtained government secretarial work in London. One of the girls went to India as wife of a British official. Another married an Irish peer and landowner—educated at Cambridge, militia officer, court chamberlain, and son of an ennobled high judicial state functionary.

Sixteen of all these sundry males received governmental wages. Of the sixteen one died in India of fever, one returned thence to England as a pensioned invalid, and one was lightly wounded in action, five having participated in colonial campaigns. Twelve of the sixteen were or will be entitled to pensions proportionate to their salaries, running up to £10,000 a year, that is to say a quarter of a million francs. Nearly all these gentlemen were expensively educated, lived on a prosperous scale, took journeys for recreation, and otherwise gratified their elegant tastes. Some had private means, partly invested in colonial treasury paper or company shares of British dependencies; one, for example, lost money through the failure of an Indian bank, while another profited by the rise of Egyptian bonds. A few owned a country house as well as a town residence, keeping numerous servants besides horses or auto-cars, and exchanging handsome hospitalities with people elevated in rank or holding station of authority. Most married, and several were prolific. To all accrued gain, power, honour, or pleasure through association with the exercise

of imperial rule. And it must be perceived that against the probability of enjoying those advantages of pay and pension, of promotion or preferment, they played no great stake: because in one's own garden one might risk as much calamity as befell them, abroad, for the average of their added lifetimes. Yet the people of these three generations but perpetuated ancestral habit in fattening upon the fruits of war and conquest: they thrived by forced death, damage, or destitution to a vast number of human creatures—human countrymen and human foreigners. Well-born and well-provided, they got benefit by the blood of those who were neither. Reasonably might they wish to prevent "deterioration of national fibre engendered by the worship of material things" from taking root among the "ordinary-looking men in common coats."

I—Moi—Ich and Family! That is the patriotism of the governing class. And that is the real translation of *sacrifice*, which has more than once been mentioned in the present volume. Be it hoped that at last you understand the significance of *sacrifice*. Teachers, pastors, and editors—good friends to the ruling powers—perpetually urge one to fulfil the holiness of patriotic *sacrifice*. Dispensation of this pious cant costs them nothing, but earns them tribute of stupid awe. A correspondent with the Russian army during the massacre against Japan wrote the involuntarily though appropriately ironic observation: "None of the common soldiers knew what they were fighting about, but all had implicit faith in the justice of their cause." Ivan, John, Johann, Jean, and the rest must be brought up religious voters supernaturally entranced by their right to sacrifice themselves for patriotism. A can-

did definition of patriotism from a climber to place and power would be this: Your privilege of being killed so that I may enjoy life. But so sayeth no tribune of the people. He hoists on high a flapping fetish of flax, and points thereunto as he shouts aloud: With God for king and country—(aside:) and me!

If from warfare can be harvested homage, garnered wealth, or even gleaned a livelihood, why desire to banish that venerable, remunerative, professional system of elaborate occision? Do away with collective killing, and what shall happen to the hopeful careers of a myriad officials? The cornet aspires to a marshal's baton, the midshipman wants to wear admiral's insignia, every *attaché* dreams a visiting card imprinted *Plénipotentiaire*, and why may not a junior clerk become an excellency of the cabinet? The noblest names in the world's historic annals are those gloriously empurpled with proletarian gore. Supreme martial renown cannot be won without grand holocausts. Neither does royal rule become illustrious through piddling placability. And only that premier attains the top of state-craft who can extend the dominions of his master. William the Conqueror, Henry the Lion, Charles the Bold—would Charles the Bloodless, Henry the Lamb, William the Conciliator, be more enviable titles? The Iron Duke, the Iron Chancellor—breathes there today an ambitious may-be chief commander or must-be prime minister who covets not such appellation though he knows it must betoken unnumbered awful writhings and tortured groans of soldiers, and a boundless, merciless tragedy of mothers', wives', and children's desolate, hopeless wails and sobs and tears? Well then,

our governors ask themselves, why not try to get glory which costs so little?

The bricks of thrones are unknown bones, and their mortar is blood as cheap as mud. Any day labourer cannot but discern, nonetheless, how stronger armament is clamoured for by his country's overlords, this signifying, if war breaks out, to himself more likelihood of death and therefore to his family greater probability of sorrow and want, or if peace be maintained the pinch of higher taxes. Persons of slight instruction know that armies and navies are larger than they used to be not many years since, and that they are growing larger still; those with a trifle further opportunity to note the passage of contemporaneous events may have learned how after every war both the losing and the winning nation at once set out not only to repair and renew their mechanical and human machinery of aggression but to reorganize, reinforce, and raise its effectiveness for evil to a worse degree than ever. Costliest reconstruction enabling banefullest redestruction! In ape-like counterfeits tiny, harmless communities let themselves be bilked to maintain futile Liliputian flotillas or ridiculous marionette phalanxes. The principle of forced martial service spreads apace. Few governments are left that impose no general compulsion to bear arms: whether through enlistment for specified periods of practice, or by making each able-bodied citizen legally liable to combatant duty upon call. Administrative sanction or instigation to educate schoolboys in drill and the use of weapons is a system gradually expanding, but advances particularly in countries which have not universal conscription. Where this last prevails the tendency has arisen—and in a few lands has

ripened to usage—of requiring even the special messengers of the cross to do their term with the colours; and no one who has read my third chapter should be surprised that those priestly recruits oppose their coercion by the secular arm with faint protest, for Christian ministers justify or enjoin the killing of aliens for the honour of the flag.

But their acclaimed or elected lords,—whom in stolid, docile dumbness the peoples allow to batten on their blood and substance,—while forever deprecating warfare, and avowing endeavours to render it humane, civilized, conformable to etiquette, and altogether very pleasant, continually adopt new devices of deadliness notwithstanding. Such modern inventions as the mitrailleuse and melinite, the torpedo and the submarine, would never have been requisitioned given an earnest desire to restrict damage in war. These and other means of multiplying havoc were superfluously added to contrivances of destruction already too numerous and too ruinous. Why cannot the marine ministries of the world agree upon renouncing the employment of torpedoes henceforth? That, Messieurs, would be a bigger *step in the right direction* away from the *grim savagery of warfare* than any of your dallying Hague-ish meanderings. Yet it will not be done, nay, not so much as mooted. Neither statesmen, nor diplomats, nor bureaucrats could expect to reach the best positions with equal facility, were likelihood of official lustre diminished, owing to lowered prestige through hostilities of less terrible instance and significance. Upon the gravity of conflict too hinges the professional importance of the fighting leaders in a campaign. And what if a functionary of influence, a lay or clerical relative of his, a friend in parliament or at

court, what if the man himself or someone he bore obligation to, was deriving profit, directly or digressively, from the manufacture of torpedo shells or torpedo tubes or torpedo nets, the building of torpedo boats or torpedo boat destroyers, or else the sale of materials for special use connected with torpedoes? Such rough truths are not blurted at the polite tables of the Hague, nor such jarring questions asked.

Moreover when, at succeeding Hague congresses, aerial warfare shall be brought to debate, not its prohibition by international compact will be striven after. That it is outrageously, monstrosously, criminally unnecessary will never be acknowledged. Just the opposite stands in prospect. It will be recognized another indispensable advantage to the imperative development of essential civilization through invaluable destruction. Its assured perpetuance on a becoming scale will anxiously preoccupy the delegates from all the greatest Christian commonwealths. Worthy rules will be framed for its reputable pursuit, so that it may be carried on in dignified observance of ceremonious official punctilio and with respectful deference for sacred military honour. A bomb dropped on your house or mine—that must cause harm; that may mean death. But that might also be very good for the advancement of a politician, the promotion of a commander, the income of both. If neither be hurt, nor either lose money, why should the one or the other object? Yes, why too irrationally disfavour virile contest? Why not sanely keep up the spirit of manly emulation? As to these practical views no divergence is ever likely to disturb the suavity of the urbane gatherings at the Hague, where be-

tween the officers and gentlemen assembled always reigns a genial sympathy. Their reciprocal goodwill was proved through the publication of a treatise,—anticipating the next peace meeting at the Dutch capital, and even antedating the first actual atmospheric belligerence,—done in exquisite French by a Swedish baron of ancient lineage, accomplished diplomat, once Hague conferrer, which bore the title “The Regulation of War in the Air.”

I, on the other hand, in writing this most ungentlemanly book have insulted the partisans of traditional patriotic trucidation. You are yourself perhaps proud to be thought one of them. In that case you no doubt hold me a morbid, malevolent, malicious, mischievous misanthrope, whose dirty schemes—in wasting unspared pains and uncounted hours on work sure of reward by denouncement—was to beslur and besmire the radiant fame of your nation’s fighting heroes. You may deem me a bitterly cynical, madly rancorous, slanderous, sacrilegious, seditious, poisonously pernicious, virulently subversive, anarchic foe of the army and the navy, of all established institutions, of home, school, church, press, government, of humanity itself. I ought to be muzzled, handcuffed, hobbled, knouted, branded by a red-hot iron, loaded with chains, and thrown down a deep black hole. All this, at the very least, should be dealt me, though I deserve to be hanged as well—shooting is too like a religious ceremony. For I blame you because you second your parents’ crazy, cruel, Christian lie: it’s right to do wrong to foreigners. Discourtesy! Irreverence! Profanation! These delinquencies I have repeatedly and unpardonably committed, have I not? They constitute extreme trespass against

decent behaviour. They break the accepted laws of social comity. They flout the canons that govern proper intercourse between modern men. They are unenlightened, violent, and disgusting. They cast a foul stain upon the name of civilized conduct, they cover it with hideous blots. Barbarous, brutal, savage, they "put a triple brake upon the wheels" of human progress. In short, they sully the twentieth century. Better far, than allow the printing of such vile things on paper, have Port Arthurs, Mukdens, and Tsu-Shimas during all the rest of time! On similar occasions, at any rate, nothing is done that offends well-bred ladies and gentlemen.

There may be refined and sensitive persons, affiliated by exclusive *cachet* with the *élite* of the *chic* official *haut monde*, who fear imperilment of the ancient art, honourable custom, and noble occupation seemingly menaced with blighting decline through the numerous conferences, treaties, arbitrations, and so forth which one hears of nowadays, not to mention *pourparlers* and *rapprochements*, and leaving dual agreements, triple alliances, and quadruple *ententes* altogether out of count. Verily no such danger threatens for a thousand years. That glorious, immemorial usage, known to awaken, more than any other, and above all splendid functions most sure to bring forth, the highest qualities in man's nature, will long flourish upon the earth, will yet inflame the souls of many a generation—so they flag—to lustrous deeds of chivalry. Rejoice and hope. (But neglect not prayer.) The best may still await this world. Already have its peoples displayed a marvellous panorama of permutations in pugnacity. The past prophesies the future; and so there dwells much im-

port in a few examples now subjoined naming heroes and foreigners who fought opposite one another as well as on each other's side:

Austrians	against	French
"	with	"
"	against	Prussians
"	with	"
British	against	Dutch
"	with	"
"	against	French
"	with	"
"	against	Spaniards
"	with	"
Dutch	against	British
"	with	"
French	against	Austrians
"	with	"
"	against	British
"	with	"
"	against	Italians
"	with	"
"	against	Spaniards
"	with	"
Italians	against	French
"	with	"
"	against	Turks
"	with	"
Prussians	against	Austrians
"	with	"
"	against	Russians

THE CRIMSON FIST

Prussians	with	Russians
Russians	against	Prussians
"	with	"
"	against	Swedes
"	with	"
Spaniards	against	British
"	with	"
"	against	French
"	with	"
Swedes	against	Russians
"	with	"
Turks	against	Italians
"	with	"

SUPERNATIONAL MORALITY

It is now many years since my twittering little Mademoiselle began to *educate* me. To that end she employed—as I have told you—stories about Perseus, Tell, and other *heroes*. In her small soul the poor creature perhaps fancied me a promising recruit for some vague but loyal sort of demolition business. She may have imagined me a future major-general riding in full armour, with lance in rest astride the Trojan horse, at the head of a regiment of Swiss marines, who as they galloped fired off their cross-bows against Austrian tyrants squatting in baggy breeches on the towers of Jerusalem while they smoked long pipes. Had Mademoiselle verbally depicted such a vision to me I should of course have believed its absurdity sublime—or at least plausible. I forget at what period the dawn of doubt concerning my elders' wisdom invaded my mind with its first faint rays. To be sure I must have listened with delight to my mother's mischievous tales commending Israelitish savagery and to my father's corruptive readings from "Ivanhoe," pæan of knightly ruffianism, because I followed those hints to premeditated manslaughter by the mock duels I had with my young cousin. And at our Hanoverian school Franz and I used to sing "The Watch on the Rhine" as lustily as any of the other pupils. Nor do I recollect that on the way home from Sunday church service we ever had a boyish argument as to who was the best: the humble carpenter's son who let

people box his ears without hitting back, or the strong King of Heaven who was always angry and threw bits of thunder at his enemies. According to the parson there was no difference between the two, even if the parson seemed to admire the king more than the labourer. That old gentleman in the pulpit with the white hair and the sort of dressing gown would know. He was so good and so clever too. He knew everything. He knew how the world was made, how the stars got into their places, and where souls came from. Yes, he knew everything, and so he would be right, and then what was the use of a couple of little boys thinking about what he said?

Once upon a time I was deluded by the cooings of the so-styled *peace societies*. This is a current name for associations, boards, or clubs reputedly promoting international arbitration, conciliation, disarmament, or peace. The persons composing such bodies meet together in private or hold public assemblies, when they debate all sorts of questions proper to their supposed sphere, and frame measures whose general adoption they say would prevent war. They by no means disdain conviviality among assets of pacification, and they see to it that after-dinner oratorical *liaison* between Bacchus and Concordia obtains eloquent blessing by Pressman Pandarus. Moreover they issue numerous little pamphlets and leaflets and booklets which contain their speeches and essays or describe their activities and aims. So that one keen upon the subject of war's cessation could not well miss acquaintance, at least in print, with those sweet seraphs of strifeless quietude on earth.

Such a mundane angel of harmony it was who sent

higher than the sky itself my illusion anent the aforesaid lyricists, banded so beautifully together to choir the reign of celestial gentleness unending here below. He was American, though he might as well have been Abyssinian, Afghan, Argentinian, Austrian, or Peterborovian. Monsieur de la Paix—so let us call him—was president of a peace society. Also he had been delegate to several international conferences on peace. Furthermore he was an editor. This ought to have warned me. Nevertheless I visited him with guileless heart. I informed him that I had taken the liberty of coming to ascertain whether I could not some way co-operate in the beneficent work of which I knew him a distinguished sponsor. Little else did I get the chance to utter. For Monsieur de la Paix's loquacity was gigantic. His only attribute that could compete with it was his solemnity. The upper part of his face, from the middle of his nose to the top of his forehead, seemed like a single huge fixed glare, which came at one concentrated, through the lenses of enormous horn-rimmed spectacles, and while he spoke the upright wiry fibres sparsely topping the front of his yellow skull bristled as if aggressively to reinforce the glare. Imagine the seriousness that enabled him to assert without a smile: "I believe it would have been a calamity if these peace principles had gained ground before; it would have meant a hindrance to the progress of civilization." To my surprised question "How so?" he gave an answer which I later on wrote down as portion of the gist of his remarks. He explained: "Mankind is only just becoming ready to do without war, but the peace movement has grown rapidly. In fact the time for the realization of my scheme is close at hand; yes,

I think we may look upon the federated states of the world almost as an accomplished historical phenomenon." To this absurd stuff I could conceive no immediate reply, and therefore, perhaps taking my silence for thirst after more phenomena, Monsieur de la Paix began afresh: "You see, war is practically impossible nowadays because the principle of arbitration—" "Excuse me," I interrupted, "did the United States not go to war with Spain rather recently, or make war upon Spain, to be more exact?" "No, no," he objected in a severe tone, "that was quite a special case. It is unfair to say that we made war upon Spain; we liberated an oppressed people. We once fought for our own liberty, and our national principles compelled us to put an end to the intolerable state of affairs in Cuba, at our very door. Besides, we had no treaty with Spain for settling differences by arbitration." After this phenomenon of dogmatic sophistry I remained mute. Not so Monsieur de la Paix. He launched out on the subject of disarmament, proving (to himself) that all governments were eager for its speedy consummation. His views on the near abolition of fleets and armies formed a relentless monologue, all bristly glare and no smile. When it was done he drew a single deep breath—and started another soliloquy. His new topic was a parliament of the world. The prophet-elocutor decided that the world's federated states must have a parliament to legislate for them all, and without demonstrating that anybody wanted such a parliament, he not only arranged some particulars of procedure but drafted several laws for immediate institution. During this whole discourse I proffered one comment, the rejoinder to which made further speech from me unneces-

sary. I somewhere interposed that I believed, apart from my own coolness toward the federation scheme, it would be spoilt by the thing that all nations prided themselves upon, the thing that kept them quarrelling, that often made war possible, namely patriotism. "Patriotism," I opined, "would prevent the federation you speak of just as it already prevents disarmament, and has prevented arbitration whenever two countries were really determined to fight, and it seems to me that the first step toward international good behaviour would be for the family of nations to chloroform its *enfant terrible*—patriotism." "What, do away with patriotism!" exclaimed Monsieur de la Paix with doubly unjocular, portentously bristling glare, "No, sir, that's impossible! And I don't think it's at all desirable. I thoroughly believe in patriotism myself." Well, thought I, there is evidently nothing more for me to say, and I brought the interview to a conclusion as soon as I politely could. That was the last I saw of Monsieur de la Paix.

But before I left him he thrust on me the addresses of a few eminent American pacifists. Two of them, a male and a female Unitarian preacher, I discovered to have written patriotic compositions: a story entitled "The Man without a Country," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which poem lends religious significance to the war between North and South. The author of the second was nevertheless vice-president of a peace society, and the inditer of the first assiduously attended meetings for the furtherance of arbitration. Two other peace promoters whose names I obtained at the same time were heads of large universities. And they likewise paid tribute to the

gory fetish. For with two editors, two priests, an ex-ambassador, and an ex-cabinet minister,—members of societies furthering peace all the eight,—they took their places at a banquet to General Kitchener; at this feast the whole eight joined the rest of the company in a toast to the man answerable for the wanton massacre at Omdurman—when Bacchus winked a bloodshot eye at Mars. I never entered into communication with any of the pacificators whose addresses I had received, but learned that the first two stood in their countrymen's general esteem, which must have rendered their literary belligerence the more pernicious. As for the two academic rectors I only got the evidence against them at a later time, but from the interview above recorded I began ungullible watch for self-contradiction on the part of those making peace advocacy a business. Had I not sufficient reason, since many leading lights among them are college professors, members of the clerisy, writers for public organs, and governmental functionaries?

I remember the boast of a high court judge that "If any nation attacks us it knows in advance that we will fight to the last;" and I recollect as well the title which he gave to his harangue: "Our country's mission in the cause of peace." But the judge was outshone by a yet larger, loftier star on the official firmament. That great luminary of statecraft, celebrated for his labours on behalf of peace, sent a message to a women's journal in which he wrote: "The suffering and perils of the men in the field, distressing as they are to contemplate, are slight in comparison with the woes and anguish of the women who are left behind. The hope that husband, brother, father, son,

may be spared the tragic end which all soldiers risk when they respond to their country's call, buoys them up in their privations and heart-breaking loneliness. But theirs is not the deepest pain, for the most poignant suffering is mental rather than physical. No pension compensates for the loss of husband, son, or father. The glory of death in battle does not feed the orphaned children, nor does the pomp and circumstance of war clothe them." A few months earlier he had reviewed a band of 1,500 armed college cadets and made a speech declaring that he favoured military training above athletic for the nation's youth. On that occasion he omitted reference to the suffering of native or foreign women and children which he was himself endeavouring to increase. The press commended him on both occasions.

When Admiral Togo visited the United States there took part in his social entertainment a congressman, an ex-war minister, and two editors, all prominent in the cause of international arbitration. At the metropolis the Japanese members of New York's peace society banqueted him who as "crowning achievement" had in original fashion "put a triple brake upon the wheels of war:" once near the Tsushima islands and twice outside Port Arthur. He explained to his hosts, comprising also American pacifists, that his name, Heihachiro Togo, signified "peaceful son of the East"—of which appellation no one saw the gruesome grotesquery. And then he added those decrepit platitudes of friendliness-good-will-and-concord-between-our-two-great-nations which invariably arouse rhapsodic ecstasy and never mean anything at all. The President of the Peace Society of New York, Builder of the Temple

of Peace at the Hague, Commander of the French Legion of Honour, Andrew Carnegie, being absent despatched a telegram which was read aloud to the diners: "Cordial greetings to Togo, great warrior and great peacemaker. May success crown his noble efforts to bind Japan's best friend, our beloved country, and his own in the bonds of everlasting peace." Do you think he was inconsistent? Judge for yourself. The same lover of that admiral had in 1898 given amicable counsel to a general, when he from Cannes thus cabled the military commander-in-chief at Washington: "Spanish officers here hope you will attack Havana. Better take Porto Rico first for its effect in Europe."

Andrew Carnegie stands forth prototype of the world's vocational pacificators, who allege that their common exertions will triumph in the end for good. Yet because in every land these members of peace societies defer to patriotism, they hence conspire to stifle the prime truth which they ought loudest to proclaim: patriotism is the worst enemy to peace and the best friend of war. Surely they have less humaneness or intelligence than they take credit for when beyond approving patriotism, that monster immorality, they countenance its cruellest and most imbecile results. Would they otherwise do homage at the shrine of martial Moloch, and help the ghoulish myth of glory to thrive on? The virtue of this magic horror named glory,—for whose sake we are gladly to endure, and more gladly to inflict, atrocious agonies surpassing all imagination,—we know from the old stale and stupid vapid, vacant brag: the legacy of our historic renown, the glamour of our splendid prestige, the sacredness of our

mission from on high, the potency of our civilizing influence, the majesty of our national will, the idealism of our assumption of responsibility, the consciousness of our present leadership in the world, etc., etc. To guard intact, to preserve ablaze these coruscant gems starring unparagoned the heaven of his country's soul, who would not blissfully cast away his wretched, vile, material husk, would not still more rapturously grasp the boon of aiding at the immolation of a million, of a billion, of all foreigners upon the earth! The straightest way to glory is the red road of war! Behold all the glory now enriching mankind as the inheritance of all past combat! Envisage all the glory yet to spring forth from all bellicose encounter! Then brew hostility. Stir up strife. Hasten conflict. Let loose fury. Shout battle. Rush on. Destroy. Burn. Plunder. Rape. Stab. Slash. Wound. Shoot Maim. Kill. The more killing, the more glory. And since war means progress, and advance is gained by ending life, the occupants of the highest pinnacle of civilization will be not only glorious but dead. Yet what advantage is glory to a corpse? Or what use is the fame of a general to a sergeant's leg which has been shot off? What can the honour of a flag do to cure its wounded bearer? What joy does a widow get from losing a son? What pride is felt by a girl being violated? What nobility has a hero for a baby half ripped up?

Certain criminalizing influences of society's civilizing forces, and the malign purposes to which those benign provocatives converge, the previous five chapters briefly sketch out. But since you and your fellow readers may nonetheless still desire the perpetuance of a hellish system

devoutly adored by the best and wisest men and women of all the ages, you shall now have a most practical sort of illustrative synthesis.

Italian boys are brought up just like others. As soon as they can walk and talk they get playthings, or encouragement in games, which have to do with fighting. Stories are told to Italian children of either sex, or pictures shown them, which awaken interest for warriors and feats of arms; upon both of these, if ancient or Italian, parents and elders always comment favourably. In laudatory language too is explained the purpose of regiments of soldiers, the object of warships also being described in a fashion to arouse enthusiasm. Above everything the informants try to excite admiration in their small charges for the bravery of Italian troops and crews, superior to all foreign fighters. The boys learn it would be excellent to imitate the deeds of such splendid men, the girls conclude they should be glad to have such men for husbands or brothers. Mameli's songs in praise of martial qualities, and the national hymn that commences with "The tombs open, the dead arise," are familiar to Italian homes.

At school the growing young Italians hear eulogised by their teachers triumphs and victories of Roman heroes and emperors, Camillus, Fabricius, and the Scipios, Julius Caesar, Trajan, Constantine the Great. Likewise does school instruction impart not only the fact of Rome's supreme rank in the history of the nations, but conveys the idea that Italy, sprung from Rome, is inhabited by a better race than any country in the world. The enviable fortune of belonging to that race the lesson books make distinct especially by the manner in which they portray

such famous generals as Montecuccoli and Carmagnola, celebrated admirals as Loria and Doria, bold military adventurers as Giovanni delle Bande Nere and Garibaldi, valorous princes as those called Visconti, Strozzi, Sforza, and Gonzaga—not omitting pontiffs who ordered Crusades or sent troops against the Ghibelins. And Napoleon Bonaparte, the greatest fighter of all time, the most renowned character in all history, was Italian.

Whether from parents and teachers and books, or through newspapers and reviews, or else by means of political or ecclesiastical writings and orations, the people infer that the country's future will be bright because of their own enterprise and courage, and that they must be satisfied with no narrow destiny for their native land. Thus—as everyone has heard or read—the boundaries of the realm are not yet fixed. By natural right they should include every inch of soil where Italy's language, customs, and traditions reign, and so ought to embrace areas at present under the Austrian, French, Swiss, and British flags. But even now the red, white, and green waves over African tracts, and further colonial acquisition or spread of influence and power in Europe rests with the ambitious idealism of the kingdom's government supported by its valiant army and navy. For sagacity and spirit Italian statesmanship has ever been matched by Italian readiness and ability to fight, whence Italy is today so universally respected and feared.

The municipalities of Milan, Bologna, Florence, Palermo—and more besides—have endeavoured to keep astir an honourable pride for glorious records of war in the hearts of the citizens by naming thoroughfares after battles or com-

manders, or by erecting statues of stone or bronze to perpetuate noble memories. A national monument charged to the taxes was given to the people at the fiftieth anniversary of Italy's unification by force of arms: there towers now in Rome a colossal marble figure of Italy's first king, Victor Emanuel II, mounted on horseback in fighting attire with helmet and sword. At the capital the ruling monarch makes frequent appearance to the public in military uniform. His picture in such costume Italian periodicals often render. He is supreme chief of the Italian army. Himself would aver the whole of the above recorded promptings—as set down veridically and without extravagance by the present writer—most fit to train up a loyal, gallant, patriotic nation.

But viewed those and kindred infusions, should it evoke astonishment that Italians take pleasure in killing men of other lands? Logic would tell one that it is quite natural. Ottomans being brought up after like principles, with the chief difference of their adoring Allah instead of Jehovah, Turkish eagerness to kill foreigners seems as easy to comprehend. So that when—while this very volume was being written—Victor Emanuel III's government opened war, his subjects and Mohammed V's betokened well-nigh unanimous approval of the fighting to be done, and the popular demonstrations in Balkan empire and Apennine kingdom were no other than might have been expected. They coincided too with customary references by the press to burning loyal fervour, the exalted spirit of patriotic sacrifice, and sure victory for unconquerable heroes.

In both dominions the church lent wonted spur to the national bellicose state of mind; and as usual the clergy of

neither petitioned the sovereign to prohibit hostilities, whose prospective military and marine executants, the Pope and the Sheik ul Islam did not threaten with the ban of Christ or Mohammed. A pastoral letter issued to the ministry and laity of his diocese by the Bishop of Cremona embodied familiar sacerdotal sentiments: "War is a terrible scourge, but, as the dawn of peace still remains far off, in certain cases it is a hard necessity for the triumph of justice and civilization. . . . It is not blind or arbitrary action or thirst for conquest which has induced Italy to take recourse to arms, but the necessity for defending ourselves, protecting our economic interests, and vindicating our national dignity. . . . Beside the tricolor rises the cross; close to the work of civilization stands religion. . . . In the declining days of my life, I, a bishop of Christ and an Italian citizen, bless our soldiers with all the strength of my soul." And a few weeks later Catholic chaplains of the Italian army celebrated All Souls' Day on pagan soil in normal style, by the sacrament of the body and blood of Jesus at an altar guarded by cannons, while a military band played Verdi's Ave Maria. In churches of Italy priests said masses for the souls of departed Italian heroes, and Te Deums were sung after Italian victories.

The foreign office at Rome proved the invasion of Tripoli unavoidable by ordinary arguments, among them: mining concessions had been refused, establishment of electric plants and boring for oil denied, navigation companies interfered with, agents of the Bank of Rome balked in the conduct of their business, etc. Myself, a professor at the university of Rome informed that "A mineralogical mis-

sion went to Tripoli, and discovered rich deposits of sulphur and phosphate—a very valuable fertilizer, you know;” this he prefaced with: “We had to strike a blow for our national honour and economic interests.” One might therefore not deem the behaviour of those Roman students eccentric who one day after the beginning of the war marched to the Palace of the Quirinal, once the residence of popes and now inhabited by the royal family,—there shouting “Evviva il re!” and “Evviva l’ Italia!” until his Majesty came out on one of the balconies hand in hand with the little crown prince—when the cheering redoubled.

Meanwhile a manifesto from the Ottoman Shah at Cairo voiced these authoritative views: “Italy’s assault is a most contemptible act of brigandage and piracy. . . . Italy believes her occupation of Tripoli will be a parade of military pomp and glory. . . . The military reputation of the Italians was buried with the downfall of Rome. . . . Modern Italy lacks equally in military reputation. . . . The Italian is not a born soldier, though he is a good serenader; he detests hardships. The contrary holds true of the Ottoman soldier. In his blood flows the memory of a thousand victories won in hard-fought battles; he is a born fighter, trained from childhood to the din of war; he is inured to hardship and the field; he can live on bread and water; the whizzing of bullets is his music. . . . The Italian soldier cannot compare with the Ottoman. . . . The native warriors of Tripoli are on their own soil. . . . They are of the stock that fought France in Algiers under Abdel-Kader.” Comparison then followed between the hardihood of these Tripolitan warriors and the prowess of their ancestors who

“used to ravage the coast of Italy as pirates.” Hence, came the deduction, “Having these factors in our favour we need but rely on God the Almighty and the Just, who helps the weak against the strong.”

No doubt Turks accepted those utterances without perception of anything strange or irrational, just as they of course believed that Turkish conquest had always been admirable, chivalrous, and free from the kind of atrocities which they charged against the Italian troops. These, according to the written or photographic testimony of witnesses, had executed innocent Arabs by the score without trial, killed women and children, burnt down houses, and seized animals and other property. Italians at home certainly esteemed credible and plausible their premier's public denial, containing counter-accusations of Arab treachery and barbarism: “In open attacks, in ambushes, and when there was treason, the courage and humanitarian feeling of the Italian army and navy are above praise. Always admired, they render this war an example of generous and chivalrous civilization. . . . If any reproach were admissible it could only be on account of excessive humaneness. We have, through exaggerated humanitarian sentiment perhaps, spared lives and property of the enemy, and in so doing have exposed ourselves to grave risks. . . . Among our heroic dead were many barbarously killed after they had fallen wounded. . . . In no report has the general in command alluded to killing of women and children by our soldiers.”

Editorial estimate throughout the world enounced opposing judgments. Conscious pretension to perfect equity I found in an Amsterdam paper: a cartoon satirized “the

virtuous indignation" of several countries, representing them as burglars carrying off their booty in labelled sacks, France with Tunis, England with the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and Egypt, the United States with Cuba and the Philippines, Germany with Kiao-Chau, Austria with Bosnia and Herzegovnia,—while they all turned their lamps on Italy sneaking away with a sack marked Tripoli. One may surmise few Dutchmen resented—if they noted—the omission of Holland, which has somehow come to possess Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, West New Guinea, Surinam, and Curacao. Also might one assume the people of the Netherlands not much agitated by remembrance of two centuries of Dutch oppression in the East Indies, of the slavery practised, of official corruption and cruelty, of callous commercial rapacity, and of a massacre in 1740 of twenty thousand Javanese men, women, and children. And as Dutch, French, English, American, German, Austrian, Italian, Turkish editors abstained from censure of disgraceful misdoings by their own nation's soldiers, sailors, commanders, or statesmen in old or recent attempted or effected territorial acquisition, so too everywhere the zealous special pleaders for warfare's abolishment—while they protested against the killing in Tripoli—ignored their own previous specific acts of homage to the warrior's trade: grand banquets to conquering generals, commendation of fighting as a means to progress, advocacy of military training, endorsement of naval force, praise of the martial spirit, pride in fitness for bloody contest. The same president of a peace society who once had said to me "I thoroughly believe in patriotism" made a public clamour because this campaign occurred, and

because the Hague was disregarded. But how, where, or when should he have looked for patriotism if not to Turks and Italians in Tripoli at the very time of his complaint?

No design of embellishing my theories with *up-to-date* or *topical* argumentation, demonstration, justification, has led me to register these matters anent Italian bringing up and the conflict with Turkey. For they could scarce have been imagined less worth particular note. Readers of this book needed no telling how a nation is invariably educated. None of the war's military or naval incidents were singular, nor was the manner of its outbreak, nor the fact that it was not averted by arbitration. This average, ordinary, commonplace war—such as might involve any nation at any time—I adduce not because its circumstances are topical but since they ring and resound with the big, the dominant significance of the typical. Did I not promise you an illustrative brief of the most practical kind? Moreover I have refrained from comment of my own upon a war that brought nothing unexpected. This whole book is criticism enough of any war. Before its publication another may start; others will after it, I, you, Mohammed XV, and Victor Emanuel XIII shall have ceased to live. The aeroplane had not previously been used for purposes of deadliness, but there was no doubt that it would be so requisitioned on the first possible occasion. Hence even that feature of the late but not last war embodied nothing newer than the principles epitomized by Clausewitz: "War is an act of violence which in its application knows no bounds," and thus "we must employ all the resources which we can make available with the utmost energy," because "he who uses force unsparingly, without reference

to the quantity of blood shed, is sure to obtain the advantage if his adversary does not do likewise."

Having on many a page made to glare as the sun at noon the fact that war, far from meriting the unanimous approval it obtains, ought to be totally condemned, allow me to repeat to you, whether you first drew breath in Auckland, Boston, or Caracas, or shall sink into the ground at Xeres, Yokohama, Zanzibar: war is the ultimate expression of patriotism. Then, if you suppose it right and well that human beings should go on killing one another, you can give best countenance to that creed by remaining a patriot. But if yours is no murderer's heart; if you have reverence for human life; if you deplore the purposely inflicted sufferings of your fellow creatures; if you want their death by criminal violence, their wilful mutilation, predetermined pain, forced grief, and needless misery to cease; if you in honest truth think war a cruel, hideous, fiendish folly—then forswear patriotism.

To bow one's head gravely, and agree: "yes, war is dreadful," and afterwards proceed to hang up flags, sing national anthems, attend parades, tell children to admire soldiers, help celebrate commemorations of fighting, and join a peace society which pays respect to warriors in person—that blocks heroic homicide not the very least, lays no straw of obstacle across the blood-red road. There is no manner of thwarting the crime of war except by throttling the vice of patriotism. But since the professedly civilized institutions of society not only defend but glorify both patriotism and war, it is upon ourselves that we must count. With the individual—you and me—rests the sowing of a reasonable humaneness.

If we have influence over children we can explain to them that people all over the world are very much alike. Some are tall and some are short, some dark and some fair. Yet they have about the same total of merits and faults wherever they live. Suppose one were to take twelve children, each from a different country. And suppose one wanted to decide which of the twelve was the best. How could one decide? There might be a boy who played quite good-naturedly with his own brothers and sisters, but who often quarrelled when he went to play next door. Then he would be disagreeable, and would scream at the others, or else would slap them without a reason. At home Tom—we will say his name is Tom—is generally a good boy, and he's a naughty boy next door; yes, that's it. But now we will see about the next of the eleven children—a little girl. Her name is Mary. She is not a real little girl, but we will think of her as if she were—just as we thought of Tom. Now, listen, dears—only, Harry, don't fidget so, and Lizzie, you've got lots of room with Harry in that great big armchair. Well, Mary seems different from Tom. When she goes next door she is just as sweet and kind to everyone as possible. But when the visit is over, and she comes home again to tea, why, you would be surprised! For she says such horrid things about those friends behind their backs—and all out of her own head, not a word of it true! So you see part of the time Mary does what is wrong; but she is a perfectly good child part of the time. Now, I think there cannot be a great deal of difference between Tom and Mary, after all, if you come to add up what each of them does. Tom can be brotherly and bright and generous, though he can also be

nasty and unfair. And Mary, she can be gentle and modest and considerate; but she is not always like that, because she sometimes tells stories about people which might do harm if one believed her. Some days it's Mary whose example ought to be followed, and some days Tom. Still, you see, there are times when either of the two would deserve a scolding. Really I can't tell how to decide which is the best—can you, Lizzie; can you, Harry? Each of the two is just a mixture. In spite of their seeming different, are they not about equally good and equally bad? It's true that Tom's and Mary's faults are not the same, but—That's right Harry, dear, I knew you could keep quiet if Lizzie let you have enough room. But—this is what I was going to say—it's just as true that when the two of them are good they are not good in exactly the same way, either. That sounds like a puzzle, doesn't it? Well, and so it is. If one argued all day one would never guess the correct answer to such a difficult riddle. So we have to give it up. We cannot possibly tell which is the best of those two children, Tom or Mary—can we? And, gracious me, if we can't say whether Tom or Mary is the best, if we can't even choose between two children, how on earth can we decide between all the twelve! Why, I've never even tried to find out which I love the most of you two, Harry and Lizzie! You are both the same to me, my pets. So I daresay if Tom and Mary and the other ten children all belonged to one large family, that then their mother and father would be equally fond of all the twelve, and would think the twelve were all about the same, and would do as much for any one of them as for the rest. Well, and that's how it is with grown-ups too—

just as with children. Each grownup person is a mixture, and it would be impossible to say that one was better than the whole of the rest, or to know which ought to come first. So you understand that whenever you see a lot of people together you can never be sure that one single person is the best of them all. It doesn't really matter what their ages are, or what they look like, or where they come from; each is certain to be a mixture. In each you may see something which you know you ought to admire, though you may also see something that you might prefer should not be there. You would simply have to guess if you wanted to find out which person among a lot of people really came first. With a lot of nations—because, you know, every nation is only a number of children and big people added up—you would have to guess too. The nations of the world—How many do you think there are? You say twenty, Harry? And you, Lizzie, how many do you say? Oh, you're counting them on your fingers? Well, that would take a long time, dear, so I'll tell you now; some other day we'll take the map, and look at their names in print, and copy them down with pencils of six different colours for the six different continents. And then—Oh, yes, I remember, Harry, we are to have one of the new globes, where the countries are light and dark in different shades according to the number of inhabitants who can read and write. But I was going to say that there are over fifty nations with separate rulers, either emperors or kings or princes or presidents. And I was going to tell you what a peculiar thing happens in those fifty separate lands—something not at all sensible, I think. You will agree with me too, I'm sure, that it's



just the contrary of sensible. The parents and the teachers belonging to each of those fifty nations—we will say fifty because that number is nearly right and quite easy to remember—try to make the children of that nation believe that somehow they are much better children than the children of all the other nations. Yes, imagine: the children of every nation learn they are the best children in the world! I mean this way: the children of one country all together are supposed to be a great deal better than the children of any other country all together. Now, is that sensible? It is really strange how grown-ups can let children believe such a stupid thing, which is untrue besides. Of course this makes the children, though they are told it in a roundabout manner, much too conceited, and gives them entirely wrong ideas. And then afterward, when they are big people themselves, of course they've got quite silly notions because they have been brought up to have them. It is as if Tom had it put into his head while he was a small boy that he was the best of the twelve little ones I spoke of, and as if, after they were all big, Tom kept on shouting at them "Hoho! I'm better than any of you! Hoho! I'm the best! Hoho!" But the mischief of it is that the rest are as conceited as Tom, and answer back in the same way, and shout at him and the others in the same way too. So you see, dears, how foolish it is, and perhaps even quarrelsome besides, to make out that one nation comes first before all the rest. Our own nation, for instance, does not come first. It is not possible to know which nation does. Our nation—the one which you, Lizzie, and you, Harry, and I myself belong to—is good in some things and bad in some things. It is

a mixture. And so is every nation in the world a mixture, just as Tom and Mary are mixtures. Of course you must remember that this ought never to stop us from liking what is good and disliking what is bad in any nation, whether it happens to be our own nation or a different one. It wouldn't matter if all this conceited, silly talking and shouting about one nation being so fine and splendid, and the rest not counting much, never went further than just the noise. But sometimes it does go fruther. Sometimes two nations get into a regular dispute. Each thinks it must be right because the other is only fit to look down on. Of course a nation one looks down on must always be wrong. And if each of two nations looks down on the other, and each believes it is right, and is sure the other must be wrong—well, then don't you see how easily a quarrel can happen? It is the governments at the head of the two nations that do the disputing and quarrelling. But if the quarrel at last becomes a war, it is the soldiers of the two nations who are ordered by the governments to fight against each other. That means they have to try to kill as many of each other as possible. Of course you know how wrong it is to kill a fellow being. It is murder, and murder is the worst crime which anybody can do. Everybody knows that. Still, the soldiers don't a bit mind murdering one another. That is dreadful, isn't it? One would hardly think any men could be so wicked; all the same, they are; what I am telling you is quite true. The soldiers who die directly a bullet hits them, or directly they get a stab with a sword, are really the best off, though, as there is no time to suffer from the pain. But I am sorry to say, and I am sure you will both feel just as sorry for

the poor fellows as I do when I tell you, that most who are wounded by being shot or cut have to suffer a frightful lot of pain—oh, my dears, such agony, such fearful, terrible agony, far, far worse than anything you have ever felt yourselves when you got hurt or when you were ill, worse than any pain you could possibly ever think of! Yes, the poor wretches often suffer terrible pain for a long, long time before they die. Even if they do not die, but get well again after all, they cannot forget the frightful pain they went through. And then, you know, there are always a lot who are not killed, but who have an arm or a leg shot off by a cannon ball, and that makes them poor unfortunate cripples for the rest of their life. I could go on, and I could tell you of many other frightful things which happen in a war. But it makes me so sad that I would rather not say much more about the subject now. And to think there are grown-ups who declare that war is glorious and noble! It is never that—no, never, never! It is always—be sure to remember, my dears—it is always cruel and abominable and wicked! Yes, it is always so, whoever does the fighting; and when soldiers of our own nation have been in a war they have done the same cruel, sinful things as the soldiers on the other side. Oh, how can anybody with a good heart admire a war, or how can he wish to do such dreadful harm to others by fighting in a war himself! But I think I know a reason why the soldiers on one side are so willing to do such shocking things to the soldier on the other side. It is because when every soldier was a little boy he was brought up in the foolish way I was speaking about. He was taught to believe himself ever so much better than boys living

in other countries. He learned to look down on them. He—Well, well, four o'clock striking, I declare! Run along, my pets, and put on your boots, and we'll go out for a walk, and perhaps we shall find some pretty flowers to pick, and perhaps the flowers and sunshine may let us forget about wars and all the other dreadful things that happen in the world!

War starts in the home. It is fanned at school. It blazes up on the battlefield. There it cannot be stopped. But it need never have been kindled in the hearts of little children. That is shown by the talk to my Harry and Lizzie which you have just perused. Were you to speak thus to young ones in your charge, and were all elders to do likewise, and were successive generations to be instructed at home and at school according to a supernational morality the teaching of which I have in those few meagre lines above no more than faintly traced the barest elementary first principles, then would not the Hague congresses and peace societies, the field chaplains and torpedo manufacturers, the commemorative orators and imperialistic legislators, some journalists and a huge number of state-paid officials, to say nothing of the generals and admirals—would they not then find their occupation freezing up in shortage of human fuel for those "purging fires," which are so "serviceable in electrifying" the "ordinary-looking men in common coats," privileged to roast as a "duty of sacrifice" for "the great people?"

To show that you detest patriotism you need not leave your country. You can exhibit your abhorrence without doing that. Besides, attack on patriotism—the sentiment that fosters warfare, and hence must be destroyed

before warfare can end—is just as necessary here as anywhere, so that you may as well remain in the land of your birth, which suffers as much as any other from the disease. If you think you would prefer living in a different country, by all means make the experiment. People should live where they want to if they can afford to travel. Is it not absurd to stay within an area marked by national boundaries because one's ancestors did? And is it not equally ridiculous to assume that some other piece of soil, which one has never seen, must be worse than the spot one inhabits? But on the other hand it might prove to be no better, and it's sure to be populated by patriots too, and they are alike the world over. Therefore, unless you feel a strong inclination to live in some other land, remain here at home. Besides not emigrating, there are lots of things you might conceivably let alone. You need not advocate that all nations be federated into one; it would involve too much of a restriction upon individual development to impose uniform legislation on everybody in the world, and it would tend to produce a race without variety of capabilities—assuming that any genuine design existed to carry federation through. Nor is it necessary to learn Volapuk or Esperanto. Neither could anything be more superfluous than to join a peace society. Going to hear lectures or sermons professing to be directed against the practice of warfare has little purpose. As for books denouncing war, there are scarcely any which it will profit you to read; and the same applies to pamphlets and articles. I warn you because virtually all who talk and write in favour of peace refrain from surrender of patriotism, bring forward nothing to its discredit, or even allow one to believe it

a beautiful sentiment implanted in the human heart by a beneficent creator. Have you not noticed how seldom a loyal citizen disagrees with things said verbally or in print by the spokesmen of international concord? A little observation reveals how much they contradict themselves, in spirit if not in language, or at least how careful they are not to be offensive towards the army or navy or government of their own country. Those eloquent people, whatever their pretensions, do tolerate the killing of foreigners, hence they show sympathy with the principle that to kill foreigners is right, and thus their influence has no effect to change the popular legal justification of homicide. The idea that one ought to be allowed to slay men, women, and children of other countries with impunity is altogether normal, orthodox, and undisputed. Here and everywhere national morality proclaims the wholesale despatch of aliens legitimate.

What we want, what the world must have for its salvation from the atrocious barbarism of war-worship still prevalent, is the sowing and growing of a supernational morality. Under a new dispensation of that kind there surely would be promulgated as the first great commandment of humanity and reason: Thou shalt not kill a foreigner. By way of counsel more direct however, I suggest to you that, the main feature of war being the violent extinction of human life, and the individuals who perpetrate this act being warriors, one ought therefore obviously to disfavour warriors if one wishes to express dislike of war. How can a strong and general feeling against war exist while the men who make it their trade are by common consent honoured more than anyone else?

And of course they will be honoured as long as so-called decent people—yourself included—persist in honouring them. Why don't you stop? Can't you show in some practical manner that you disapprove of them? Are you obliged to add your presence at military or naval parades or reviews? Must you be spectator at launchings of warships or at dedications of monuments to fighters? What compels you to countenance any such doings by witnessing them, and do you think the men associated with them would feel as confident of their own excellence if enough humane and intelligent persons were to manifest aversion? Perhaps doubts might then arise in some of their minds. Still more probably would this occur if you and others systematically avoided making acquaintance among the members of the martial professions, and also if you and those others as far as possible declined all intercourse with such men. It would be unnecessary to argue with them about the wrongfulness of their vocation; one would merely endeavour quite consistently all the time to have nothing to do with fighters. How you might behave if you were yourself ordered to bear arms under rules of compulsory service is too complicated a matter for me to take up at the end of this book and in the course of a few scattered observations, which are only intended to convey to you that something can actually be done to diminish the patriotic spirit and therefore also the likelihood of war. What conduct you might pursue under the circumstances just mentioned I therefore pass over; without many pages at my disposal I would not touch the subject because I am aware of its manifold intricacies. But this is certain: no obligation ever rests upon anyone to

make military, naval, or aerial service a profession. And pray what would our government do if we one and all chose different vocations from the three I have specified? Would it dare to force you or me against our will to become a military, naval, or aerial official for life? Yet those services could not be kept efficient without leaders who possessed perfect technical knowledge, which it would of course need long years of training to acquire. Even if our government were tyrannical enough, would it also be so stupid as to attempt making generals, admirals, or air-mirals out of men who wanted to be doctors, architects, or farmers? Evidently nothing could weaken the killing industries more than universal abstention from them on the part of intelligent people the world over. Here at home perhaps you and I may get the chance to exercise a little good influence by explaining the criminal nature of warfare to young relatives or friends who think they would like to join the army or navy for a career. Women can certainly wield great power for peace by refusing to marry men who of their own choice become professional man-butchers. As for the mothers of sons—ah, with the mothers as with no one else lies the future of war and peace! If only the consciences of the mothers would awaken! How easily could the mothers teach loathing for the *glory* of such horrible bestialities as the invasion of the Promised Land, the siege of Troy, the capture of Jerusalem, the conquest of Peru, such brutish atrocities as the battles of Actium, Lepanto, and Manila, of Arbela, Grunwald, and Mukden! The mothers, above all, have it in their hands to make utterly odious forever the vain lies of the cruel fools who want to turn every boy into a blood-wallowing

hero like Leonidas or Hannibal or Bayard or Van Tromp or Charles XII or Moltke or Nelson or Napoleon Bonaparte! What are the mothers going to say?

I at least have not remained silent. I could—and perhaps shall—fill a further book with proposals for annulling patriotism and warfare. But the present screed must close. Too much various substance is compressed already into this single volume. I can well believe that one perusal might not suffice to absorb all the data and reflections which these pages contain, and which it took me years to record previous to their sifting and their arrangement for printed presentation. The labour was one of love. I hope significant reward by being openly dubbed crank, pagan, and traitor; and I fear hypocritical praise from the party of pious violence. That may be your portion too if you adopt such counsel as you have just now received. Because this was my message, spoken to you in the spirit of a supernational morality: Be reasonable and disloyal, unpatriotic and humane! You may indeed want fortitude to bear the accusation of owning those qualities. They are far from admired; they seem no less unprofitable than unpractical. But it is the enterprises without profit that are most worth undertaking, the imaginations least practical those that with divinest splendour beautify our dreams. He, the heroic coward who would not strike back, he, who for his chivalrous sedition died a glorious death of dishonour upon Golgotha, he, the unpractical visionist of unprofitable benevolence, he, the unpatriotic man without a country, he, as we all must in our hearts avow, would not prescribe, did he live at this our actual time, The other cheek lay to thy rifle, but would enjoin, Thou shalt not kill a foreigner.

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